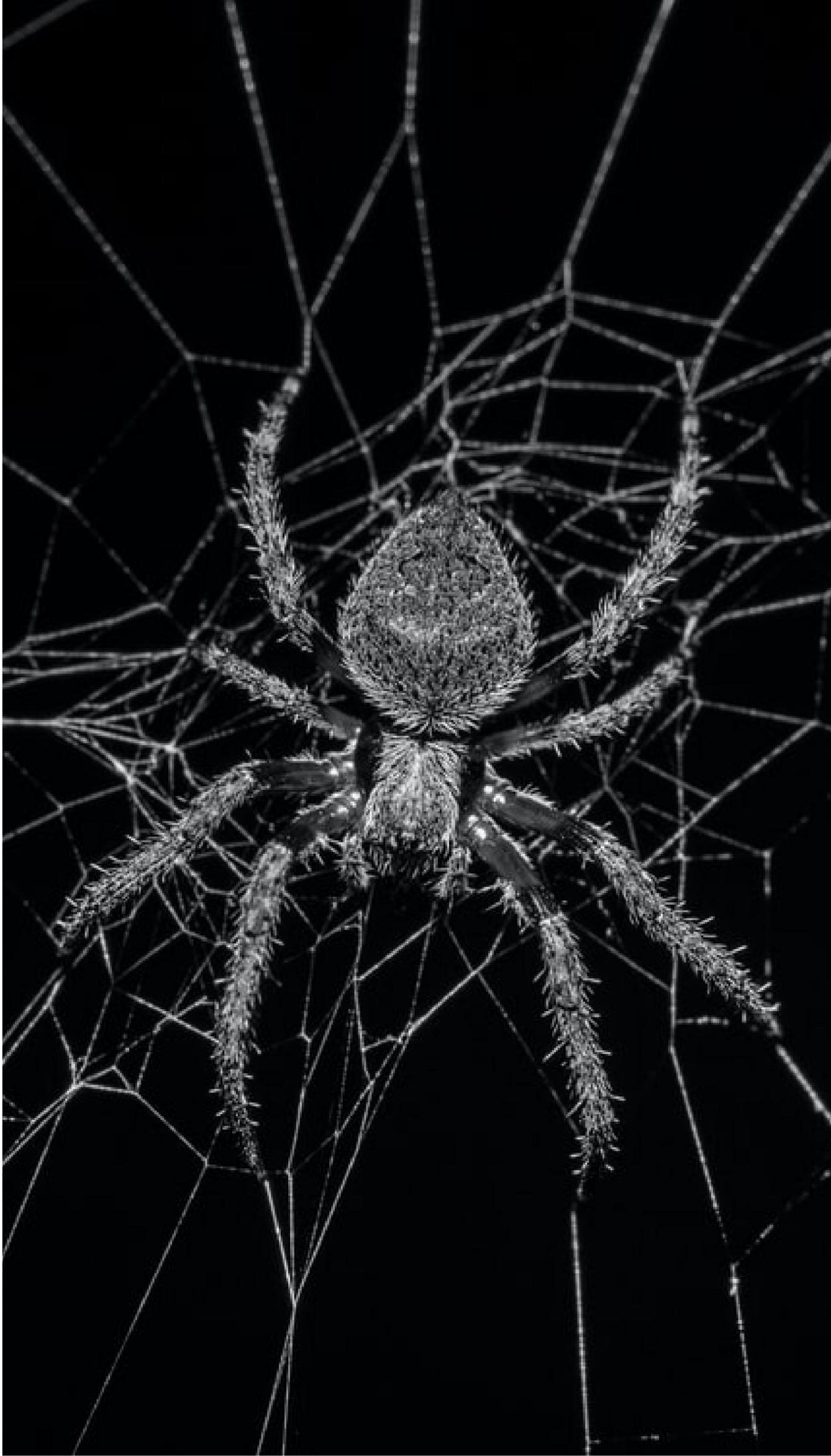


Medium Rare



MargaretKire

## Chapter 1

Peter listlessly moved the pasta around on his plate, blinking heavily at the noodles as they slithered through red pools of marinara. He was exhausted. So exhausted that he could barely keep his eyes open.

“Hey itsy bitsy spider, if that spaghetti ain’t doin’ it for ya, I will happily feed you my noodle, which comes with white sauce,” Wade commented from across the booth, “or I could order you something else. Though to tell the truth, I *prefer* option one-”

“No, this is fine,” Peter said, rubbing his face. God, it felt so weird to not be wearing a mask around Wade, even after a whole month. “I’m *starving*, I just...” He looked at the food a little desperately. “It’s weird. It’s just not. Not filling me up.”

“Well, if you need filling up, then I definitely recommend the Deadpool fettuccine. It comes with extra thick savory sauce and two improbably large and shapely meatballs.”

It really said a lot about how tired he was that Peter merely blinked heavily across the table at Wade’s expectant expression. The laughter went out of Wade’s eyes and his face crinkled into something that looked suspiciously like concern.

“Excuse me, Miss, can we get this to go and our check, please?” Wade said, calling to a passing server and not even bothering on a stupid chat-up line. Peter must look worse than he thought. The server did a double-take of Wade’s scarred face as she dropped off boxes and the bill, moving away as fast as possible.

“Must have worn too much cologne,” Wade commented, dropping cash on the bill and shoving a box towards Peter.

They walked out of the restaurant a moment later, to-go bags in hand. Peter stopped on the sidewalk, hand rubbing the back of his neck. God, he was just so tired. And so hungry.

“Hey, thanks for trying to buy me an apology dinner-”

“No, no, a *date*,” Wade said, holding his arms out to the sides expansively.

"Yeah, no, I agreed to an apology Italian dinner only, my man. You didn't spend nearly enough for me to put out." Peter was trying to be his normal bantering self with his new, uh, friend? He really was. But Wade was clearly not convinced.

"Are you sure you're okay, baby boy? You kinda have me worried that you won't make it home in one piece. And now that I know how *pretty* you are, even though you're barely legal—"

"I'm twenty-two."

"...I feel guilty letting you toddle off alone." He swung one incredibly thick arm over Peter's shoulders. It settled there, warm and heavy and—

"Are you *flexing*?"

"No."

"You are. You're flexing."

"You're clearly off your nut with delirium. We should find a doctor. Ooo, we should *play* doctor."

Peter's stomach growled, long and loud. They both stood there, staring down at it in silence until it had finished.

Wade slipped his arm around and slowly turned Peter so that they were face to face with Wade gripping both of his shoulders, ignoring the pedestrians who were jostling around them on the sidewalk.

"I said I'd get you something else," Wade said seriously. "There's no need for you to go hungry. Unless... Look I totally get that this mug of mine is probably putting you off your grub, so I can, I dunno, wear a paper bag over my head or have something delivered to your apartment or—"

"Stop being an idiot," Peter said, stepping back so Wade's hands fell away. He turned and started

walking down the street, stopping when Deadpool didn't get into step beside him. He looked back to see the most dejected look ever on Wade's face as he stood by himself, huge and strong, like a pouting boulder in the middle of the sidewalk. Peter motioned for him to follow, and his face lit up and he rushed over, practically skipping with glee.

Peter snorted. "I think it's the spider bite. The powers," Peter explained as they turned together down a less crowded street, heading vaguely in the direction of Peter's apartment. "No matter how much I eat lately, I don't feel full. And over the past few years, I've had to eat more and more calories to keep the same level of energy, you know? And I guess I thought it was just because I was patrolling longer hours now that I graduated college blah blah blah. But I'm not so sure anymore. I've already eaten like, five thousand some calories today, and I'm still starving."

Wade's hairless eyebrows pinched together under the shadow of his hood. "Nothing helps?" he asked, for once not making a joke.

"Well..." Peter trailed off.

"Tell Papa Deadpool," Wade said, elbowing him gently in the ribs.

"Last week I got handed a gift card," Peter swallowed, shaking his head. "Sorry, actually that part's a long story. Suffice it to say, the gift card was for a steakhouse with exactly enough money for a big steak dinner."

"And..." Deadpool prompted, jumping through a hopscotch grid drawn on the sidewalk with chalk, his gaze never wavering from Peter's face.

"And," Peter huffed, rolling his eyes. "I felt full. Like, really good. Patrol went great. My focus was sharp." He sighed. "But it didn't last. The next morning I just woke up hungry again."

"So eat steak," Deadpool said. His eyes dropped down to Peter's take out bag. "I totally would have bought you steak!"

"They didn't have steak at the restaurant," Peter said, exasperated.

"I would have taken you somewhere else!"

"It sounded good at the time, okay? It just. I could tell it wasn't like, being absorbed, you know? Like it wasn't going to give me any energy or stop the hunger pains."

"Why aren't you eating steak! We need to do a repeat of your steak experiment, pronto," Wade demanded, grabbing Peter's elbow and hustling him around a corner towards a steak joint.

"Wade, no! It's fine. Steak is expensive."

"Indulge me," Wade practically snarled. Then, more quietly to himself, "I know that, but we have to start somewhere... No, I am *not* telling him that, he already thinks we're crazy."

He ushered Peter through the heavy wood door, and as soon as the smell of grilling meat hit him, Peter went faint with hunger. He stumbled a bit and Wade put his arm around him.

"Whoa, easy there, baby boy. You're going to eat soon." Turning to the hostess, he slapped a hundred dollar bill on the counter. "This is for you if we can get this kid some steak in the next ten minutes."

She blinked at them for a moment while Peter blushed furiously. Then her delicate hand reached out quick as a striking snake and the money was gone. "Of course, gentlemen, right this way, please."

She led them to a table near the kitchen, and then slipped into the back for a moment, before emerging with a nervous-looking server at her side. Fixing the server with a look, she left them and went back up to the front.

"Hi there, sport," Wade greeted the young man, who was fumbling his order pad out of his apron pocket and trying to avoid staring at Wade's face. "Nothing fancy, we just need two of your largest, bestest, steakiest steaks please. Medium rare."

"Right away," the kid agreed, scampering off to the kitchen.

"Wade."

“You look like you’re gonna to pass out.”

“I’m fine.”

“You’re paler than Loki’s left ass cheek.”

“Like you’d know.”

“A man can have fantasies!”

Peter sighed. “I don’t even know if the steak is what did it last time. It could have been a fluke.”

“That’s why we’re being responsible science bros and testing our hepatitis.”

“I think you mean ‘hypothesis.’” Peter smirked at him across the table, ignoring the rosebud vase and the romantic candle. “If this doesn’t work, I don’t know what will.”

“There are plenty of options! We can go through the entire animal kingdom. And for once, I don’t mean that in a sexy way. Or, not necessarily.”

“God, Wade.”

“So what did you eat today?”

“Uh, before our first dinner?”

“Yeah.”

“Cereal, peanut butter and jelly, pudding cups, about six packs of ramen—”

“Oh my god, seriously? No protein? No red meat?”

“I already tried protein shakes! They make me feel sick. And meat is expensive.”

Deadpool was rubbing his big hands over his face, shaking his head. “Kid, I will feed you meat anytime. You don’t even have to bend over first.”

“Can you give it a rest for like, five minutes, you walking bag of hormones?”

“Your ass won’t quit so why should I?”

“Jesus fu-”

“Your steak, sirs,” the waiter said reappearing with two huge plates. Peter highly suspected that these had been destined for another table at some point, but no complaints from him. Less than ten minutes, as promised. *And it looked amazing.*

Red juices swamped the plate and Peter’s mouth watered. He could barely get pieces cut and in his mouth fast enough.

“Oh yes,” he said around a mouthful. “Yes, yes. Mmm.” He could finally feel his hunger pains fading, for the first time in weeks. Oh god, it was like sex. Or at least, what he *assumed* sex was like. It was so good. He barely chewed one piece before shoving another one in his mouth. He could feel the juice dripping down his chin. He just leaned over the plate and let it, too busy devouring to stop and wipe his face.

Deadpool was staring at him with wide eyes, his own steak untouched. “Holy shit, Petey, I am, this very moment, in possession of a whole new, *very specific* kink.” He watched Peter demolish the rest of his steak, staring at him in slack-jawed awe. “Baby boy, you were not joking when you said you were starving. I thought you looked a little twiggy, but I had no idea. *Jesus.*”

Peter had finished the meat. Panting for just a moment, trying to clear his mind, the juice on the plate caught his eye and he hunched over to lick it up.

“Fuck! Baby, here,” Wade said, sliding his own plate on top of Peter’s empty one. He attacked it with just as much desperation, though about halfway through the empty hollow of his stomach finally seemed to be filling in. He could feel it in his veins, like his body had been drying up, withering, and now was plumping up again, wet and sated.

“Oh my god,” he whispered, horrified. “Wade, I just licked my plate.”

“You did. I saw. I’m still hard.”

“I licked my plate clean in a fancy restaurant!” He looked around, but the only people that would have noticed anything were either unaware or carefully avoiding eye contact with the crazy guy in the corner.

“Did it work? Do you have your Spidey mojo back?”

“I...” Peter flexed his hands and tensed his thighs just to feel the strength. He didn’t feel like he was about to keel over from exhaustion anymore. He felt... “I feel *good*.” He shimmied in his seat. “Really good.”

“You have actual roses in your cheeks, kid. You look like a romantic bouquet all of a sudden. I would like to take you home in a bundle of long stems, please. Get pricked by your thorns and—”

“I’m eating the rest of this and I don’t even care if you keep spewing nonsense as long as you don’t take it away from me,” Peter informed him, wrapping a protective arm around Wade’s former plate.

“I’m enjoying watching too much to complain, Sweet Pea, so you just go on and enjoy that big hunk of bloody meat and holy shit you’re done already.”

Peter raised his face, staring intently at Wade, his fingers in his mouth, sucking off the remaining juice. He felt full. Not bursting, like he absolutely should have been after consuming fifty ounces of beef, but raring to go. Ready to take on the world.

Wade’s mouth was slack as he stared with half-lidded eyes at where Peter’s fingers disappeared

between his lips. Peter felt his cheeks hollow out slightly as he sucked to get all the flavor before pulling his spit-slick fingers away from his face.

Deadpool swallowed heavily. “I... may have just come in my panties a little.”

Peter was practically bouncing in his seat. “Let’s go on patrol!”

Wade just blinked heavily several times and wouldn’t stop slowly nodding his head.

## Chapter 2

Peter couldn't stop laughing and running circles around Wade. Literally.

"Sweetie—" Wade's head whipped to the side, trying in vain to keep the red blur zipping past him in sight. "Baby, I—"

"Wade!" Peter called out excitedly, casting another line so that he could continue to loop around the increasingly dizzy-looking merc. White trails of soft gossamer threads were beginning to gather around the lampposts like party favors with how many times he'd circled the now fully suited-up Deadpool. "Let me carry you, it will be *so much* faster, my dude!"

"I have *zero* issues with that, especially if I can cling to your back like a baby possum and grind against your ass surreptitiously, but I worry about your ability to consent right now, as much as I'll hate myself in the morning for being so responsible."

"I'm fine. *More* than fine. I finally feel good!" Peter called down to Wade's upturned mask. How did his scrunched-up eyebrows show under all that leather anyhow? Wade, international man of mystery.

"International man of mystery? You *do* know you're using your outside voice, right Petey? God, please tell me you secretly love me and then not realize that you've said it out loud so that I can pine for you forever. Even more than the pining I already do, continuously, and *damn*, do you wear a thong under there, cause honey, you ain't got no lines. Just all smooth and round and firm and—"

"I don't," Peter said, alternating the pattern of his swings before webbing the overpass above them and dangling upside down in front of Deadpool. They really needed to get going. All this hanging around was boring. Hanging around. Oh, good one! He should tell Wade.

"You did, Sweet Pea. I told you, you're using your 'outside of your head' voice. This one, right here."

Wade gently touched Peter's throat over his larynx, his gloved fingers tickling even through Peter's costume. He giggled.

“Oh Jesus, do that again,” Wade pleaded. “Everything jiggles but, like, in a firm, sorta hypnotic way and I could watch you laugh for the rest of my days, which is, *hey! Forever*. I could so do that and I swear you just told me that you don’t wear anything under that suit, but as that fulfills my greatest fantasies, volume twelve through forty-nine, I doubt I heard correctly.”

“I don’t,” Peter declared, every cell of his body buzzing happily. “I’ll prove it.” With a grace that impressed even himself, Peter reached for the lower half of his costume and pulled the tights down (well, up, since he was hanging upside down) on the side, revealing the entirety of his left hip, no boxers or briefs or thongs or strings to be seen.

“They’re... they’re two pieces,” Deadpool proclaimed, awed to the point of speaking in a near-religious hush. “You.. they... they come apart in the middle, I never knew that. Oh my dear lord, *why did I never know that?*” Wade made huge eyes at Peter, which looked extra hilarious from upside down and made him smile. “I need to fill out whole new fantasy volumes for this. Damn, I’m going to need to add an extra shelf.”

Tired of waiting while they could be out there saving people and webbing bad guys, Peter flipped to his feet, his back to Deadpool. He grabbed Wade’s tree trunk arms and wrapped them over his shoulders. He was instantly blanketed in Wade’s body heat, Wade’s torso pressing all the way down his spine. The warmth made his nerve endings tingle to life, like a limb waking up after having the circulation cut off for too long.

“You’re so warm,” Peter chirped happily. “Hold on!”

“Thank you, baby boy, you are pretty hot yourse- ahhhhhhh!” Wade shrieked as Peter cast a web high up on building and pulled them both effortlessly off the ground. “Oh Jeeezus! Oh my god! Just how strong are you, holy fu-” Deadpool’s voice cut out for a moment as they reached the top arc of a swing and Peter dropped the old web and shot a new one, their bodies dropping fifty feet until the momentum swung them up into the air again.

Wade had stopped trying to talk for the moment and was instead doing his best to get a death grip around Peter’s hips with his massive thighs, while bent over and clinging to Peter’s smaller shoulders. Spider-Man snickered. They must have looked hilarious. Deadpool was easily twice the size of Peter. He must look like an ant trying to carry a beetle back to its little ant mound. He chuckled again.

“Sweetie, you have to stop bouncing when you laugh, I can barely keep my magic wand from abracadabra-ing you on your juicy tuchus as it is. I am *trying* to stay a gentleman here, and there you go, carrying me around like some BDSM role-reversal fantasy come to life in your *two-piece* Spidey costume and-”

“Wade, do you hear that?” Peter swung them up to the top of an apartment building near Union Square, listening intently. Wade let go of him slowly, staying quiet while Peter listened. He heard the noise again, the sound distinctive now that he was closer.

“Hear what?” Deadpool whispered from his crouch beside him, his massive body leaking heat. Peter leaned closer to him.

“Gunshots. More than one. With a silencer.” Peter crept over to the side of the building, then crawled headfirst down the wall so he could peep in the window nearest to where he heard the hushed whistle of gunfire.

“Spidey,” Wade was whispering fervently down at him. “Don’t let them see you, baby boy! Come back up here, I can go down the stairs and check it out.”

“They’re just shooting at paper targets,” Peter whisper-shouted back at Wade. “Looks like they’re prepping containers full of silencers, likely a weapons deal.”

“Want me to unalive ‘em?”

“Nope. No unaliving,” Peter started climbing back up. “We’ll call the cops. Let them do their detective bit on an unwebbed crime scene. They like those better.”

Peter did a fancy flip to land on the roof with silent feet. His energy was electric and he felt like showing off.

Wade’s hands flew to his mouth, smothering a high-pitched squeal at the last second. “Oh wow, so cute!” He applauded almost silently, vibrating in place with excitement.

Peter giggled. He was liking Wade a lot today for some reason. Not only had he bought him steak - which had made him feel incredible, like he was running on pure speed (whatever that felt like) - but Wade was also *so warm*, and it felt nice when he had been holding onto his back. Plus, and Peter would never admit this to him, but he was, ever so slightly, a little bit funny.

“I mean it Spidey,” Wade hissed, mock serious, “now that I know that you don’t wear undies I

can't *not* watch your rear when you chuckle. It's not my fault. I feel like you're sexually harassing me with that ass, because I'm not allowed to touch it."

Peter gave Wade a gentle shove, which resulted in nearly knocking the merc down. Peter winced.

"Oh man, I'm sorry. I haven't been at full power in so long, I literally don't know my own strength."

"Petey," Deadpool stated, straightening up and giving Peter a look, "we seriously have to do something about your diet. You can't keep eating what's essentially, for you, just birdseed, when you're *clearly* a bird of prey."

"That was damn near poetic."

Deadpool preened. "I'm not just known for my good looks. I'm also witty, well-read and a great lay."

"Uh-huh."

Peter rolled his eyes, very gently bumping his shoulder to Deadpool's, which required him standing on tip-toe. Though even then, it was more of a shoulder-to-bicep bump. Wade continued to look down at him, his smile slowly fading until Peter felt weighted down by whatever it was that was passing between them in the silence of the rooftop.

Wait... silence?

"Oh crap, they're leaving the apartment," Peter hissed.

Deadpool was suddenly plastered to his back. "Let's go get 'em, sweetheart," he purred in Peter's ear. Spider-Man launched them off the roof, muscles bunching, just the smallest amount of strain creeping its way back into his muscle fibers. He must have started to burn through the steak dinner already. Still, he was stronger than usual, and blessedly alert, as they swung through the narrow passages between the buildings, Deadpool whooping over his shoulder in glee.

He could do this. He could make it through this patrol in top form and catch these weapons dealers, and then he could collapse back at his apartment and start using his science brain to figure out what to do next. He didn't have the budget for steak. He would figure something out.

---

Peter woke up the next morning feeling... okay. He was a little bit hungry, but he wasn't starving. He'd slept alright and was feeling somewhat rested, though a little hazy, like he could use another few hours.

He made a pot of coffee before he remembered that caffeine didn't work on him anymore. Nothing worked for him anymore except red meat, apparently. Oh man, the look on Wade's face when Peter had torn into his steak last night before they had gone patrolling: priceless.

He smiled and sipped his coffee since he'd already made it. The heat felt good coursing down his throat as he swallowed. That was something he was starting to notice more and more. Warm beverages felt good. Hot food felt good, even if it didn't fill him up. He used to love ice cream and frappuccinos (when he could afford them). It used to be that he'd fill a glass full of ice before pouring in a can of Coke. When had that stopped being something he enjoyed?

Peter held the mug in his hands and tried to pay attention. The warmth seeping into his fingers felt good, but that was just because his hands were chilly. It wasn't anything he hadn't felt before. If he felt cold and then felt warmer, it felt good. No mystery there.

But what had changed was the way he craved warm drinks and... well, and other people's body heat. With the drinks, it was a minor addiction that had crept up slowly without him realizing it was happening, until he'd stopped drinking anything that was cold and had switched over entirely to coffee and tea. Even plain hot water was immensely more refreshing to him now than ice water or anything cold, which was just *bizarre* to him. What twenty-something New Yorker preferred a cup of hot water over a cold beer? But there it was.

As for the body heat... well. That was a very specific discovery as of last night. Via one merc with a mouth.

Peter had originally offered to carry Deadpool because he was stuffed to the gills with energy and just wanted to swing through the city. He'd only meant to get them to a stake-out location and then let Wade hoof it after that. But, well. Deadpool had actually held onto him for dear life and the man was warm. Scorching warm. It reminded Peter of his first sip of coffee in the morning; an intense heat filling his mouth and sliding down his throat to warm his stomach.

Wade's body heat (and if Peter were being honest, the solid weight of him and the strength of the embrace needed for Wade to hold on while whooshing through the air on his back)... it was good. Really good.

Not to mention the way he *smelled*. Peter wanted to peel apart the seam of Wade's mask and tunic, press his nose to his throat, and *inhale*.

He slammed the door shut on those thoughts with a bang, his heart beating double time. He wasn't allowed to have thoughts like that. Not about *anyone* and *certainly* not about Wade Wilson.

He didn't have time. That's what he always told himself. And yeah, he really didn't. Especially not with regular people. People who shouldn't know his secret identity. People that might get hurt even if they never knew he was Spider-Man, because bad guys could be fuckers and had, and *would*, figure out who he was and where he lived and who he was seeing.

And he couldn't with Deadpool because...

Because of reasons he would convince himself of later.

That's why.

---

By the time the sun had set and Deadpool was climbing through his window unannounced, Peter was actually glad to see him. He was sitting on his tiny couch wrapped up in a blanket and clutching a mug of tea, taking blissful sips that did nothing to ease the pitiful pain in his stomach that had grown louder throughout the day.

Wade lit up at the sight of him, even through the mask. Despite not feeling his best, Peter offered him a small smile.

"You know where I live?"

“Of course! I’m your horniest fan.”

“Breaking and entering? Isn’t that a little tame for you?”

“You wound me!” Wade gasped. “This is not B&E. This is what I’m calling ‘Daddy Deadpool’s meat suppository’. Er, what’s the word? *Depository*. ”

He beamed at Peter.

Peter snorted.

“Did you really bring me meat?”

“Absolutely! All joking aside, kid, you need to be eating differently. Last night was, well, amazing.” He batted his mask’s white eyes at Peter. “You were so alive, baby boy, more so than I’ve ever seen you before. So yeah. Just lie back and let me put my meat in you.”

Peter pressed his fingers over his eyes, exasperated.

“Fine,” he said, and wow, it did *not* take him very long to give into Deadpool, did it? “What did you bring?”

Wade made his high-pitched happy noise and slid a small backpack off his huge shoulders. He unzipped it and cheerfully rummaged inside, murmuring to himself. “See? I told you guys this was a good idea... Well he said he wanted it, we have his consent... You just don’t want to admit that this was a fucking fantastic plan!”

“Wade?”

“Yes, buttercup?”

“Is that a child’s Spider-Man backpack?”

“Well, that’s how it was *marketed*.”

“Is that a Deadpool keychain plushie on the zipper?”

“So we’re never apart!” Wade started pulling out a variety of packages, some wrapped in clear plastic and others in brown paper. “I want you to try a few different kinds so that we know what works best for you.” He lined them up on the coffee table. “Different cuts of steak,” he said pointing to the first stack and then moving to each one in turn. “Lamb, pork, bacon, venison and beef liver.”

Peter leaned forward out of his blanket cocoon, feeling instantly chilled. “The pork doesn’t look very appetizing,” he admitted.

Deadpool nodded. “My money’s on these two,” he said, picking up the stack of steaks and the liver.

“Why those two?”

Wade stood still for a moment, a colossus in a dollhouse, dwarfing everything around him. He seemed to be debating internally. Finally he went with, “I think they have more of what you need.”

“Fine,” Peter said again. He was hungry and tired, as if getting his fill the night before had made him less tolerant of going without. Now that he knew he could be full, that he didn’t have to feel like he was wasting away, he craved that feeling of having his hunger sated.

Wade cooked the steaks in Peter’s tiny kitchen while Peter drooled at the table. The meat wasn’t in the pan very long before Deadpool was setting it in front of him, already cut into bite-sized pieces, the plate swamped with red juices.

Peter nearly swooned.

He held his fork in one hand and a mug of fresh tea in the other, chasing each bite of steak with some of the hot liquid, finding the combination to be the most deliciously satisfying thing he’d ever had, absolutely ever, in his whole entire life. He sighed at the way his body seemed to wake up, his

insides expanding and warming, everything pulsating.

He moaned around the next bite. And the next. He couldn't help himself. He was so grateful not to be in a restaurant this time, to be able to express the relief and pleasure that eating something that finally sated his hunger brought.

Deadpool sat opposite him and just stared. He only moved to refill Peter's tea mug from the electric kettle, gently touching his arm to let him know that he was pouring and not to raise his cup until he was finished.

By the fifth refill of what was now essentially a cup of steaming water with zero tea, Peter was coming to the end of the steak. This time he didn't hesitate to lick the juice off the plate, tipping it up to his mouth and chasing the salty liquid with his tongue.

Wade stood next to the table, kettle safely placed back on the counter, a dishtowel held in front of his groin. "Um... something's come up and I should probably get going--"

"But patrol!" Peter exclaimed, bounding up and nearly knocking Wade over in his enthusiasm.

"Um..."

"Come on, it'll be fun! I'll let you ride me again."

Deadpool choked on nothing. "Oh sweet baby Jesus. Peter, I'm begging you to have mercy."

"Let me put on the suit! I'll be right back." Peter flashed Wade a huge grin, his face feeling flushed, his whole body alive and thrumming.

He raced into the bedroom, scattering his clothes and then locating his leggings. Stripped bare, he slithered into the tight spandex, tucking everything where it needed to go. He was so glad that another superhero had designed his suit. Tony knew how to discreetly fashion a cup into the pants without it looking ridiculous when they were being worn. Though of course, that meant no undergarments. Eh, it was simpler that way, he supposed.

He barely had the leggings on, the waistband still low on his hips, the mask in one hand, when he remembered that the shirt was still drying in the bathroom. He'd had to wash it after the previous night's run-in with a guy who had thrown a jelly doughnut at him in an attempt to escape.

Peter darted down the hall and grabbed the top, turning back to the living room as he shook it out. "We could try by Central Park," he said as soon as he caught sight of Wade heading in from the kitchen. "The northeast corner is blocked off for renovations, and you just know people are going to try and take advantage of that for- oops!" He swung around to grab the mask that had fallen out of his hand, snatching it off the ground, before turning back around to finish his sentence.

He was met with the sight of a stock-still Deadpool, his hands raised as if in surrender. "I gotta go," he said, his voice uncharacteristically rough. He didn't move.

"You okay?" Peter asked, worried. He'd never seen Wade like that before.

"Yeah," Wade said, swallowing harshly. "Yeah, uh, I'm fine. I'm just gonna..." he started slowly walking backwards towards the window, grabbing his bag off the floor, without once looking away from Peter. In a flash he was vaulting over the sill and onto the fire escape as if running for his life.

Deadpool could be so weird.

## Chapter 3

When Deadpool broke into his apartment again the next night, Peter had just gotten out of the shower after a long day at work. That was his excuse as to why he had a towel wrapped elaborately around his hair (a habit he'd never have admitted picking up from Aunt May except that Wade had actually *caught* him doing it). He was dancing around the living room to a commercial jingle dressed in plaid pajama pants and an Iron Man T-shirt Ned had gotten him as a joke.

Wade scowled at the T-shirt, sliding his tiny Spidey backpack down his arms with a haughty air. "I don't know if you deserve these steaks," he said, one hand resting by the fingertips on his chest while the other pitty-patted over the backpack, his head thrown back theatrically.

"Well, then you don't get the bag of frozen burritos in the kitchen," Peter returned smoothly, tugging the towel turban off his head before he could embarrass himself further. He ran his hand through the wet strands, trying to coax his hair to the side.

Wade watched him, seemingly distracted from the Iron Man shirt. God, was this the part of the evening when Wade mocked him endlessly over the towel thing? Even *May* teased him about the towel thing.

Then Peter's words about the burritos seemed to sink in. Wade gasped and put his hands up to his face. "You didn't!"

"I did. Two for one sale. Got all the flavors."

"Oh my God, you thought of me while you were shopping?" Wade's eyes grew cartoonishly large,

his open mouth showing behind the mask.

"Take that off and let's eat," Peter said, flapping a hand in the direction of Wade's face. "I'm starving."

Peter headed to the kitchen, his ears attuned to Wade's happy humming as he trailed along behind, just one big ol' puppy dog. It was sorta... nice.

"Did you buy these for yourself, cupcake?" Wade asked, tugging off his mask and peering into the grocery bag in the freezer. Peter couldn't help the twitch at the corner of his mouth at the sight of Deadpool out of his mask. "Cause, listen," Wade continued, turning serious eyes on him. "I'm not a one-and-done kinda guy. I intend to keep on feeding you until we figure this thing out. So don't go spending all your pennies on food that doesn't agree with your tum tum, okay?"

Peter snorted. "I bought those for you. And no, you totally don't have to keep bringing me steak, Wade, oh my God. You've already fed me plenty. It's just that—" Peter shrugged. "You didn't get any food last time. And I ate your entire steak at the restaurant. I know you like Mexican food so, there you go. What I can afford is discount freezer burritos. Bon appetit."

Wade's face was doing that intense thing it did sometimes. "You thought about me. Like, *actually* thought about me." The steady look he was giving Peter was starting to send chills down his spine, a little like his Spidey sense. He was oddly on edge to hear what Wade was going to say. "Is it too early to propose?"

He should have known Wade was full of shit. "Knock it off Wade," he huffed, brushing past him to grab the bag of burritos. Wade was really warm. Peter hadn't felt cold until he'd gotten close to Wade. It was freezing by comparison as he walked away, and it wasn't just the cold grocery bag in his hand.

Peter lined up about half of the burritos on a tray and then slid them into his tiny oven to heat, while Wade went through the collection of steaks he'd brought. Peter noted that he hadn't bothered with any other type of meat this time.

"Hey, how about an experiment, Petey-pie?" Deadpool asked, slapping a deep-red steak onto the cutting board.

"Yeah?" Peter asked, his gaze not leaving the rivulets of red pooling around the meat. It should be

disgusting, but his hunger suddenly spiked.

"Yeah," Wade responded, watching him closely. "For science," he further prompted, cutting off a small piece of the meat and handing it to Peter raw.

"Um," Peter said, staring down at the red flesh held out to him in Wade's scarred fingers. The faintly pinkish-red juice ran down Wade's palm and dripped off his wrist. "You're not going to cook it first?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Reasons."

"Wade-"

"If it looks horrible to you, then you don't have to, angel. But maybe try a small bite first to see?" He turned the red morsel over in his fingers as if it was a gemstone and he was trying to get it to catch the light. More juice dripped to the counter, making red ribbons where it ran over Wade's textured skin.

Upon reflection, Peter realized Wade had *probably* meant for him to take the meat from him with his fingers, not lean in and devour it out of his hand. But that's exactly what he did. While making sounds. Embarrassing, *moaning* sounds.

He then proceeded to lick the juice from Wade's wrist, following the trail back up his palm, finishing by nearly swallowing his thumb and forefinger in his frantic efforts to get all of that addictive taste. Wade was right, it was so much better completely raw. Without the burnt flavor, it was almost sweet. Sweet and salty and a bit metallic and so, so good.

His throat worked as he sucked Wade's fingers, his eyes sliding closed. So warm. He was practically purring. The taste of the meat was amazing, but it was cold. Wade's fingers were almost hot, his body temperature always so much higher than a typical human's.

What he was doing didn't fully register until he realized that he had Wade's forearm in a death-grip, Deadpool's muscles bunching under his slim fingers. He loosened his grip just enough to prevent causing Wade pain, then looked up at him, worried and expectant.

Wade's pupils were blown black, his breath coming quicker. He swallowed, his throat flexing. Peter's eyes flashed to the movement. He fixated on the pulse beating there, oddly hypnotized by the rhythm of Wade's heart.

Peter bit down on his own bottom lip, not enough to break the skin, but hard enough to remind him not to... not to what? Something... something that was flitting at the edge of his mind that he needed, but wasn't allowed to have... wasn't even supposed to *want*. But what was it?

Maybe Wade knew. Peter looked at him pleadingly.

"Okay," Wade rasped, his voice suddenly torn up around the edges. He swallowed several more times while looking over every inch of Peter's face. "Okay."

With a tremor in his fingers Peter had never seen before, Wade cut another piece of steak with his free hand, transferring the chunk to the fingers of the hand still trapped in Peter's desperate grasp. He shuddered as Peter lunged forward, devouring the meat first, before licking Wade's skin again, even the spots that weren't running with juice. He liked the salt of Wade's skin, the heat, the texture.

*It's so much better like this*, something feral in his brain crooned. The same part of him that wouldn't let Wade go. The same part preventing him from acknowledging the terrible embarrassment he would feel later. Much worse than licking his plate in a fancy restaurant. *Wade tastes good*, his feral self insisted, as his tongue worked between the knuckles, lapping at the warmth there.

About halfway through the impromptu hand feeding, Peter became aware that he was nipping at Wade's fingers every time he waited for the next piece of steak, then sucking hard, only to nip again. He wasn't breaking Wade's skin; skin that was hot and spit-slick from Peter's attention.

It wasn't until they had gotten through the entire steak, the rest of the packages too far away for Wade to reach without pulling out of Peter's grasp, that Peter got to Wade's wrist again. The skin there was gnarled like the rest, but thinner, the way skin on anyone's wrist tended to be more delicate. Peter pressed his lips to the throbbing pulse and groaned. He wanted... he wanted... but he didn't know what. Just desire, warmth, pulse; Wade's taste and his strength as his tendons flexed beneath Peter's slick mouth.

"Oh, sweet Jesus," Wade whispered, sounding desperate. He had his other hand curled into a fist and was leaning over the counter, as if he were in pain. "Do it, baby boy," he panted, strained. "Just, fuck, do it. Please."

Peter registered the strained look on Wade's face, his open, gasping mouth, the way he was pushed up against the counter, straining forward as Peter held him with hooked fingers that were practically claws, using his super strength to keep the other man pinned.

Peter's mind cleared and he wrenched back, dropping Wade's hand when he fully realized what he was doing. Where had his mind gone to? Why the fuck had he done that?!

"Oh my god," Peter rushed, mortified and wishing he could just disappear. "Oh my god, Wade, I am so sorry!" He blinked several times, even more ashamed to find the beginnings of tears stinging his eyes.

Wade gulped, the hand that Peter had been sucking on (*oh God!*) was curled into a light fist, as if Wade were holding on to something only he could see. He remained crouched over the counter, his weight supported on his elbows, his massive shoulders rounded forwards.

Before Peter could beg forgiveness, the oven timer buzzed, startling them both. "Your burritos," Peter said, looking dazedly between Wade and the oven.

"Can you, uh," Wade began, pausing to clear his throat and start again. "Can you grab those out for me, there, Pete? I just need a moment or, uh, twenty."

"Did I hurt you?" Peter asked, alarmed. He started toward Wade, only for the merc to hold up his (*fuck!*) still wet hand to stop him.

"Nah, of course you didn't," Wade assured him, voice strained. "I just... yeah, I just need a second, then I can eat. My dinner. Of burritos. Which you got special just for me." He swore softly for a few seconds, too hushed for Peter to catch the words. "Can't let your hard earned pennies go to waste, now can we? Not when you were all selfless and got me my favorite freezer food. Um, uh, meet you at the table in five?"

"Sure," Peter said, still worried. As soon as his back was turned, he heard the scramble of heavy feet, followed by the bathroom door slamming down the hall just a few seconds later.

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Somehow, Peter was able to talk Deadpool into patrolling with him. He was honestly surprised when the merc agreed, though he made Peter promise to stop apologizing for accosting his hand less than five minutes into Lower Manhattan.

“Seriously, kid, it wasn’t as bad as you seem to think it was,” Deadpool reassured him for the umpteenth time. He turned away from Peter for a brief moment, muttering. *“Of course, but I’m not telling him that. No. No way. That’s totally unrealistic. Jesus! Will you both just give it a rest?”* He turned back to Peter then, all lazy smiles behind the mask. “Really wasn’t that bad, pumpkin. Don’t sweat it.”

“But I-” Peter shook his head, before gauging the distance between rooftops and deciding that Deadpool could easily make the leap unassisted. So far tonight, he’d been carrying him as little as possible. Peter wasn’t quite settled after *The Incident*, though he was buzzing with the most amazing energy. It was burning a little steadier in his system this time. Though he had to admit, he’d never had a high like he’d gotten from eating raw beef. God, he loved Wade-

...’s idea about the steaks.

That had seriously been genius.

“But I practically bit your fingers!” Peter exclaimed, when Deadpool had made the leap after him, landing in a crouch by his side.

“Peter, you *have* to stop saying that. I can’t concentrate on anything else. Please. I’m *begging* you.”

“I could have broken your arm,” Peter pointed out.

“Sure, but you didn’t. I mean, that was one hell of a grip, but the bruises faded almost as fast as you made them, so...” Deadpool shrugged.

“Bruises?!”

“Petey, it’s fine.”

“I still can’t believe I did that. And I still can’t believe that the only thing I can eat is steak. My life is a cosmic joke.”

Peter had been trying to work out why it was so effective for him to consume red meat, when most other foods were the equivalent of eating celery. He already knew it was some sort of delayed reaction to the spider bite. But why, after *years* of not affecting him this way, would it be causing this particular reaction?

“The venom must have finally worked through all my stored reserves,” Peter mused out loud. “I wonder if I’ve been so run down because I’ve essentially been trying to digest myself. Gross. And the raw meat works because what my body craves is protein. And living cells? Or at least fresh cells. Hmm. I need to ask Tony if I can use his lab. He’d probably be willing to help me if I explain that-”

Peter huffed out a rush of air as Deadpool landed on top of him. “Get down,” Wade whispered, unnecessarily.

He lay face down under the merc’s heavy body, trying to listen for what had tipped Deadpool off to danger. He could feel Wade’s chest expanding against his back as he breathed, the rush of warm air through the fabric of his costume at the back of his neck. Deadpool’s upper body pinned him completely, though the rest of the man was angled off to the side. Thank God. Because there was a very unexpected reaction taking place in Peter’s tights, and if Wade’s hips had been pressing down on his, the situation would have gotten unbearable very quickly.

As it was, it still took Peter much too long to scrape his mind back into a gooey pile in order to ask Deadpool what he had heard.

“I thought I heard some guys on the roof next to us,” Wade whispered back, right into Spiderman’s covered ear. Peter shivered. Deadpool pressed down tighter, turning his face into Peter’s covered neck. He stayed there for a moment, just breathing, before slowly easing back.

“I don’t hear anything,” Peter said, his voice more than a little strangled. Deadpool lying on him, that was, wow, that was a lot. He squirmed a bit, just to see how thoroughly he was pinned, because... *because*.

“Oh, it may have been nothing,” Deadpool said, slowly sitting up and removing his weight from Peter’s back. He was instantly freezing. Peter’s head started to buzz strangely, his scalp prickling uncomfortably. Wade lumbered to his feet and looked around. “I suppose that-”

The first shot went through Deadpool’s chest, hitting him in the back and exploding through his sternum in a spray of blood. The second one hit him in the shoulder, spinning him around.

Those were the only two bullets that hit him before five bodies hit the ground on the roof adjacent to theirs; two dropped from neat shots from Deadpool’s gun, gripped in his functional right hand, the other three webbed to the bricks and thrashing around, only getting more stuck as they struggled.

Spider-man and Deadpool stood side-by-side in defensive postures until they were both sure that there were no more attackers. Wade slumped then, groaning as his chest and shoulder knit back together. Much too slowly in Peter’s opinion, but thank fuck for his healing factor.

“Wade,” Peter said, his voice hoarse. He realized with a shock that it wasn’t the first time he’d said Deadpool’s name. He might have been screaming it from the moment Wade had been hit.

He wrapped a steady arm around Deadpool’s waist, hauling the larger man tight to his side. Tugging him gently a few steps, he managed to kick open the door to the rooftop stairwell and maneuver Deadpool inside, until they were standing under a dim bulb. Peter carefully probed Wade’s shoulder, wondering if he should put pressure on the wounds or if that would only hinder the healing process. He was about to ask, drawing a deep breath in the small space, when his brain short-circuited.

His hand was wet and hot with blood, with *Wade’s* blood. The air was saturated in the scent of it, thick and heady. Peter was shocked that, instead of feeling nauseated or distressed at the sight of so much blood, his mouth watered. Not only was he not disgusted, he was fucking hard as a rock and aching to rut against Wade while he licked the blood off his skin and *oh God*.

“It’s okay,” he heard Wade saying, his voice sounding far away. “I’m okay, baby boy. Almost healed already. Doesn’t even hurt anymore. It’s okay...”

Peter gasped, his breath hitching on the delicious, erotic scent of Wade’s blood. He fought back tears.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" he rasped, raising panicked eyes to Wade's masked face. "I want... I want to..." he broke off on a noise like a sob. "You just got *shot* in front of me and all I want to do is... *oh fuck!*" Peter nearly jackknifed in half as a surge of hunger and lust twisted his stomach. "This can't be right... something's wrong."

"It's okay," Wade repeated, sounding a little panicky himself. "It's okay, baby boy. One of my apartments is close by. Let's get there and get sorted out, alright? Petey, is that okay?" Wade asked, pawing gently at Peter's face and trying to see his eyes. "Let's get you inside, get your head cleared a little. You'll be fine. It's okay."

Deadpool managed to maneuver them down the stairs and into a back alley, leading Peter to one of his safe houses. He kept them out of the glow of the streetlamps.

Peter was shaking with the overwhelming need to press his mouth to Wade's open wounds, while at the same time fisting his straining cock. He barely bit back his horrified revulsion at himself, confused and aroused and disgusted all at once.

He tried to stop thinking. He concentrated on the shift of his feet and the weight of the man beside him, letting it ground him.

Soon they would be inside. Wade could wash off the blood, and then they could figure this thing out. Until then, he just had to keep putting one foot in front of the other and breathe as shallow as he could, every inhalation of Wade's scent maddening.

Peter tried not to think about the spatter of Wade's blood that had landed near the corner of his mouth. That if he were to just stretch out his tongue, he might be able to taste it.

## Chapter 4

The door that Deadpool finally helped Spidey stumble through opened on a remarkably huge, almost completely empty, loft apartment. There were a ton of windows facing west, but other than that, the walls were blindingly white and bare.

Along one wall a mattress sprawled on the floor, a duvet casually flung across it with a scattering of pillows. Directly across from the bed was a flat screen TV, leaning against the wall. A small IKEA table and one chair were set up over by the kitchen. Other than a few large trunks shoved into random corners, that seemed to be the entire contents of Wade's home.

"Don't worry, baby boy," Wade said, looking down at Peter's face now that both of their masks were off and tossed by the doorway. "This is just a backup pad. The real thing is," he waved his hand in the direction of all of New York, "somewhere over there."

Peter didn't respond. He was too preoccupied with not breathing.

Wade led him to the single chair by the tiny table and helped him fall into it. Peter folded over and put his head between his knees, gasping for air that was less pungent with the scent of Wade's blood.

"Look, I hate being a rude host," Wade said, backing off a few steps to give Peter - as well as his growling stomach and raging hard on - some space. "But I'm going to grab the first shower and then go buy a few things that, uh, I seem to have forgotten to get for this place, like toothpaste, toilet paper, Petey-sized clothes, food..."

Deadpool was backing away from him to one of the trunks, his hands out like he was trying to train a puppy to stay. Once he reached it, he rummaged until he came up with some hideous blue-camo pants and a large gray hoodie. He headed for the bathroom holding everything away from his blood-soaked costume.

The door closed after Wade sent Peter an apologetic look and an energetic thumbs up. Peter let out a relieved breath, the air a little clearer now that the source of his torment was safely locked in another room. He closed his eyes, trying to get himself together.

#### Rules for Peter Parker to Follow No Matter What:

1. Don't jump Wade.
2. Stop being confused and upset about rule number one.
3. No, just stop thinking about jumping him.
4. Like yeah, he's super hot and smells really good, even *not* bleeding, and Jesus, that's a majorly messed up thing to think in the first place.
5. Goddammit Peter Parker. Just don't fucking attack Wade Wilson for any reason, be it out of hunger or lust.
6. P.S. You are so going to hell.

The bathroom door opened and Wade emerged in a genie-like billow of steam, his bloody costume stuffed inside a garbage bag, the hood of his sweatshirt already pulled over his head. He was radiating nervous energy and had a cheerful smile plastered on his face.

"Okay, Petey, shower's all yours!" Wade paused at the front door, looking back at him. "I'll bring you fresh clothes and something to eat, okay? Just, uh, wrap up in a towel after the shower, or uh, the bedspread. Which is new. Ish. Not too much me-funk-i-fied, anyhow. So, okay, yes, be right back."

With that, Wade left, taking the destroyed suit and all his blood with him. All except for what was still splattered on Peter.

He hauled ass to the bathroom and practically threw himself under the water, scrubbing everywhere in no discernible pattern to get all of Wade's blood off of himself. His costume might not be toast like Deadpool's, but it needed several washes to be wearable again if he didn't want to be distracted every second of every patrol by the smell of Wade's blood.

He spent a few minutes rinsing the suit out in the bathtub, just to cut down on the smell so that his brain could reboot. Then he had to wash himself all over again in the shower, just to make sure the smell wouldn't follow him all night, before wrapping up in a huge white towel that still had the tags attached.

He wandered back out into the main room, looking around like he thought clothes, a couch, and a mug of tea may have materialized since he was in the shower. No such luck. Sighing deeply, he sat

at the tiny table and fidgeted. That lasted all of three minutes. He felt cold and uncomfortable and the bed looked much more inviting. Wade *had* said to use the comforter if he wanted.

Sitting gingerly on the foot of the mattress, he pulled the duvet up over himself, towel and all. He had to fold his legs up, but he finally got himself cozy, remote control in one hand, the other one clinging to the comforter. He switched on the TV and flipped aimlessly through the channels, turning as soon as commercials interrupted whatever he had landed on.

It was nearly an hour before Deadpool got back. His key turning in the lock alerted Peter to his arrival right before he staggered into the apartment, several shopping bags over one massive forearm.

"Petey-pie, you still here?" he asked, even though Peter was plainly visible on the bed. Well, maybe not, he realized. He had gone from sitting primly at the foot of the mattress to completely melted flat on his back underneath the puffy bedspread about half an hour ago. Technically, his half-open eyes might have been all that were showing. Okay, so a case could be made for him actually having drifted off for a few minutes.

"Hey Wade," Peter rasped, reluctantly sitting up and pulling the cover snug around his middle, even though now his shoulders were bare. It was *cold* in here. Or maybe it was just him and his ridiculous metabolism now? Who knew. He wondered if Wade was cold, though he was a walking furnace. A walking furnace that had gone dead silent.

He was standing in the middle of the floor, shopping bags at his feet, doing the intense staring thing. "Peter," he said roughly. Then he just kept staring.

"Wade," Peter said back. He had to look up a ways to see Deadpool's face.

"You're in my bed."

"Yeah. I was cold."

"Are you... naked?"

Peter cast the comforter off to the side and Wade honest to god *jumped*. "Towel," Peter said, blinking up at Wade. He wasn't really a hundred percent awake yet.

Wade was suddenly breathing like he'd run up all the stairs to the apartment. He even had a hand over his heart like he was holding his chest together.

"Okay," Wade said at last. "A towel, right, that's. Yeah. Um, one second, precious. You just sit there. In my bed. Not naked. And I'll be, uh, right back."

Deadpool took off for the kitchen, pouring himself a big glass of water and then guzzling it all. He stood there for a moment, just staring at the cabinets, before heading back. He shot Peter a bright smile.

"I got you stuff!" he announced. He grabbed one of the bags and brought it over to the bed where Peter had managed to wrap himself back up in the duvet. He dropped the bag with a soft plop next to Peter's knee.

"Oh my God, you got me old man pajamas!" Peter chuckled, pulling out a matching set of red flannel PJs.

"They were out of the ones with the flap on the butt," Wade shrugged.

"Whatever, Wilson," Peter huffed, snapping the tags off the pajama shirt and pulling it over his head.

Wade's eyes got big. "You look soooo adorable right now," he insisted, mooshing his own cheeks up in a fit of being overwhelmed.

"Uh-huh, I'm sure," Peter deadpanned. "Um, Wade?"

"Yes angel?"

"Pants," Peter said, gesturing with the red pajama bottoms.

"No thanks, I'm good," Wade replied dreamily, his head resting in one hand while he stared down

at Peter.

"Not what I meant," Peter couldn't help but chuckle. "I mean I could probably get the towel off and these on under the covers, but it would be a lot easier if you could, uh, turn around for a second?"

"Oh! Yeah, sure, Petey. Sorry about that." Wade swung his bulk towards the kitchen, taking one of the bags with him. Peter pulled on the pants, slightly worried at the lack of underwear, but decided that it wasn't that weird. It's not like he usually wore underwear around Wade anyway.

Searching through the bag again, he found a pair of fluffy socks with skulls and hearts on them, a Hello Kitty toothbrush and a tube of bubble gum flavored toothpaste. He pulled on the socks, grateful to have a warm barrier between his frozen toes and the ice cold floor.

He shuffled into the kitchen just as Wade switched on the new electric kettle he'd bought while he was out. Wade breathed in way too much air when he turned around and saw Peter standing there, his hands going dramatically to his cheeks again as he looked Peter over.

"You are so adorable I could eat you," Wade whispered, squirming in place like he was trying not to do a happy dance. "You have bed head and everything. Bed head from my bed. Oh my god! I need my journal. I have to record this in detail."

"Wade," Peter whined, his head flopping to the side as he batted his hand at the merc to get him to stop fangirling. Actually, yeah, no, that wasn't really doing him any favors. Wade just squee'd more enthusiastically and pranced up and down on wiggly feet.

Peter sighed.

"Did you get any tea?" he asked Wade hopefully.

"Sure did, baby long legs!" Wade proudly set a box of herbal tea down in front of him on the counter.

"This is my favorite," Peter said, happily tearing into the box.

"I was paying attention," Wade said softly. The change in tone had Peter looking up at Wade's scarred face, the lines gone all soft and sweet as he gazed warmly at Peter. Something in Peter's stomach fluttered and he dropped his eyes, blushing furiously and getting out a tea bag to cover his awkwardness.

Mug of tea in hand, Peter walked over to the bed and once again perched at the foot, carefully arranging himself so that he was tucked up warm. He channel surfed for a bit, finally landing on an old rerun of Mystery Science Theater. He chuckled along at the monster movie mockery happening on screen, blowing at his mug of tea while he waited for it to be cool enough to drink. Distracted by Joel and the bots getting ready to perform some sort of impromptu sing along, Peter took a large sip of the herbal tea.

And gagged.

He spit what he could back into the mug, hacking and spluttering to get the rest out of his lungs.

Wade was by his side in an instant, taking the mug out of his hand and setting it on the floor. He rubbed Peter's back rather than smacking it, which Peter greatly appreciated. It took a few moments for him to be able to get a clear breath, but when drowning in herbal tea was no longer an imminent threat, all he could focus on was the terrible taste in his mouth.

"Ugh, Wade, what did you do to that tea?" he rasped. He scraped his tongue under his teeth, trying to slough off the horrible wrongness of the flavor coating it. It was like... he didn't even know. It wasn't so much that the flavor was any different, it just felt so *wrong*. Like he had suddenly realized that he was drinking Windex instead of Gatorade.

"I didn't do anything to it, Petey," Wade said quietly, his hand dropping from Peter's back. He looked concerned but not surprised. Peter narrowed his eyes.

"Really? Because I could drink this just fine two days ago," Peter said, watching Wade for signs of guilt. He was secretly hoping Wade would just be like, 'Haha! Fooled you Spidey, that was catnip tea for pets!' or something equally obnoxious and explainable. Instead, he was gazing at Peter with such concern, his stomach flipped all over again. "I need to go wash my mouth out," Peter said, slipping out of his comforter cocoon and rushing for the bathroom.

He didn't puke, though it was a near thing. Instead, he rinsed his mouth out several times, the taste clinging like an ache in his throat. As he gargled one last time, he thought back to when he'd opened the package of tea. Everything had been wrapped in cellophane and the individual tea packet had been sealed. He would check the date just to make sure it wasn't somehow wildly

expired, but he had the sinking feeling that the problem wasn't the tea. Exhausted and confused, he headed back out to the main room.

Wade had migrated back to the kitchen and was organizing the groceries he'd gotten while drinking a beer. Peter wrinkled his nose at the brown bottle while Wade still had his back turned to him.

"I know it's not the most ethical idea, assholes," Wade hissed, his voice low and furious. "Well, because he can't even drink his favorite tea anymore, geniuses. He *needs* this." Wade rattled around in a drawer, pulling out a knife and slapping it on top of a packaged steak he had on the counter in front of him. "Don't use that tone of voice with me, I—"

Wade turned and caught a glimpse of Peter out of the corner of his eye. He startled a little, before straightening his spine and giving Peter a huge smile.

"Heya there, sweet stuff. Feeling better?"

"Yeah, a little. My mouth tastes terrible. Well, it tastes like the tea but... ugh. I dunno. Just, it's wrong." He picked up the package of tea from where it still sat next to the tea kettle. He checked the date, hoping against hope that was the reason. Nope. The tea didn't expire for another three years.

He grabbed an individually wrapped bag out of the box and tore it open, sniffing curiously. It smelled like herbal tea. Determined to see his little experiment through, he set the kettle to boil again.

Deadpool watched him warily from where he was pretending to fiddle with something near the stove. He was watching Peter like he already knew how this would go and was holding himself back from intervening.

The kettle clicked off at the end of its heating cycle, the water boiling loudly within. Peter carefully poured the hot water into a fresh mug and let the tea steep. After a few minutes, he tossed the bag in the trash (the trash being a grocery bag looped over a cabinet drawer pull), added a bit of cold water from the tap so he could drink it faster. He inhaled the steam.

It still just smelled like herbal tea. It didn't smell appetizing or unappetizing. It was like any other non-food-related item. Neutral. Like its purpose was to be warm rather than to be ingested. He

didn't want to sip it. Had no desire to put it to his lips. It didn't repel him, but it was like someone asking him to eat a piece of paper or chew a rubber band. Sure, it wouldn't exactly hurt him and it wasn't the most repulsive thing he could think of, but it wasn't anything he'd choose to do on his own.

He forced himself to take a sip and then immediately wretched into the sink. He turned on the tap and frantically rinsed his mouth out. The taste was wrong. Even though it was essentially the same as it always was, his body rejected it wholesale.

He poured himself some plain hot water from the kettle, needing to verify that it wasn't somehow the water. The kettle was new. Maybe there was a coating or something that had leached into the water. He rinsed out the mug thoroughly and then poured an inch of water from the kettle, swirling it until it was cool enough to drink.

He sipped. He waited. He sipped again. The water was... fine. Well, not fine exactly, but it didn't make him gag. It didn't seem to do anything about his thirst, either. It was just... warm. Warm felt nice. But that was it.

He turned panicked eyes to Wade, who was stiffly leaning against the counter top, watching him. "I should try food," Peter said, shakily. The tea could be a fluke. Wade just nodded, so Peter opened the refrigerator and looked through its contents. There was only one shelf with food, which Wade had just bought and stacked inside. Next to a small pile of steaks was a package of tortillas, a jar of salsa, a pack of shredded cheese, and a tub of sour cream.

Peter grabbed the tortillas and wrestled one out of the bag. He knew even before he got it in his mouth that his body wasn't going to accept it. It smelled so... not like food. He could smell the flour. He could remember what it was supposed to taste like to eat a tortilla. How good it would be with cheese and salsa. How that would normally make his mouth water. But it did nothing for him. He might as well be holding a styrofoam plate for all the desire he had to actually eat it. Still, for science. He touched it to his tongue.

His reaction was even stronger than it had been to the tea. He couldn't get the tortilla away from his mouth fast enough. It might have fallen to the floor, or Wade might have caught it; he wasn't sure. He was too engrossed in leaning over the sink and letting the water from the tap run over his tongue.

He forced himself to stand upright after several minutes of swishing and gagging had gotten most of the horrible feeling out of his mouth. Slowly, he turned to face Deadpool, who was watching him an overwhelming amount of concern.

“Wade,” he said, starting to panic again, “what am I gonna do? Why can’t I eat?”

Deadpool appeared to be sifting through several options of things he could say, his eyes searching Peter’s face. All at once, he seemed to decide, even giving himself a small nod. His mouth stretched open in a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“Aw, snookums, it’s not that bad!” He took a few steps closer and slung one of those enormous arms around Peter’s shoulders, before steering him over to where the steak and knife were resting on the counter. “Steak still sounds good, right?”

Peter was afraid to even look. What if the one thing he’d been able to eat with any success was suddenly repugnant to him? Steeling himself, he looked at the meat lying in its little black tray, the plastic wrap still sealing it inside. He stared at the red meat and white fat and pool of dark juice and his mouth just fucking *watered*.

“Yeah,” Peter managed, fixated on the steak, leaning towards it as much as possible without dislodging Wade’s arm. The heat from him, pressed against him like this- it was *so* good. He didn’t want to move away from it. But he couldn’t reach the steak with how they were standing. “Wade, please,” Peter whined, reaching out with one hand, his fingers barely touching the counter, Deadpool’s arm holding him snug.

Wade cleared his throat. “Okay, li’l bug. No worries. You’ll get fed, just relax. I’ll help again, alright?”

Peter nodded, not taking his eyes off the meat for a second. He was suddenly so hungry. So *thirsty*. His tongue felt like sand in his mouth and his throat was so parched it hurt. He’d been drinking tea nonstop the past few days to keep the feeling at bay, but now it was so overwhelming. The need to drink something was making his skin crawl. He swallowed and his throat clicked. His stomach hurt. Everything hurt. Like when he used to get fevers when he was younger, each joint pulsing with dull pain.

“Wade,” he begged, swaying where he stood. He felt faint with hunger. With thirst. He felt light headed, like he might pass out, the room swimming around him sickeningly.

Deadpool pulled him in close, supporting him. “It’s okay, baby boy,” he said. His voice was fast and a little panicked. “Let me just grab this and get you set up at the table and... Oh sweetheart, please don’t pass out on me! I promise food is coming. I’m sorry, I’m so so sorry. Just sit down now. Okay, there you go, blossom. Let me get this open and I’ll start cutting some pieces for you, okay?”

Peter slumped into the chair and nodded foggily. He couldn't tell anymore if he wanted to eat, drink or just fall asleep. He was swimming in a nauseating in between state, not fully aware and not completely under. He hated it. He hated feeling like this. So weak and helpless. He was in pain, but it was a big, overwhelming pain, like his entire body was shutting down, begging him to do something about it but he didn't know what.

The smell hit him before he could even focus his eyes on what Wade was holding up to him. Meat. Red meat. Peter jerked forward, his eyes cracking open enough to see the small piece of raw beef Wade was holding up to his mouth. With his other hand Wade was petting his hair, murmuring to him. That was... that was nice.

Peter opened his mouth and took the food from between Wade's fingers carefully, fighting some instinct he didn't understand. Something that told him to go for the warm pad of Wade's thumb instead of the sliced steak.

He chewed, the flavor chasing away the feeling of wrongness in his mouth. He swallowed and another piece was instantly at his lips. He moaned as he ate and swallowed, able to sit up straighter now that his body wasn't aching quite so badly. He still wanted something to drink, but it was getting better. He was becoming more aware of his surroundings.

Wade was kneeling on the floor in front of him, holding out another piece of steak, only... only this time it smelled *divine*. Peter's stomach twisted, the hunger and thirst surging. He whimpered, struggling feebly in his seat while Deadpool gently held him in place, his hand on Peter's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," Wade said. Something in the way he was looking at Peter made him feel caught, captivated. The scent of the meat was driving him insane. Why did it smell so good? "I'm sorry," he repeated, "but the knife slipped and I cut my finger." He was pinning Peter down with his gaze, searching him for his reaction. "I got blood on this piece. You don't have to eat it if you don't want to."

Peter's eyes snapped back to the steak Wade was holding out to him. He could see where the cut was already starting to heal. The rich red blood from Wade's finger covered the side of the piece of meat, threatening to drip-

He surged forward, his entire body screaming *yes!* as his lips closed over the blood-drenched meat. His spine arched, almost pulling him away from Wade's fingers. He grabbed Wade's thick wrist and held on while he sucked the blood off the meat in his mouth.

“Mmm!” Peter moaned. He chewed and swallowed the meat almost as an afterthought. It paled in comparison to Wade’s blood. God! His blood. It was a revelation. It tasted so alive, so perfect. It was like swallowing liquid light. His whole mouth tingled with the flavor, so beyond anything he could describe. If alcohol was made with pure, distilled sunlight, that might be what Wade’s blood tasted like.

He wanted it to fill his mouth and drip over his lips. He wanted that heat to rush down his throat, to coat his stomach and warm him up from the inside. He wanted more. Oh god. He had to have more. He *had* to.

Peter licked the rest of the blood off Wade’s hand but the wound had closed and there was no more. Just a tantalizing taste slipping over his tongue and away. He gripped Wade’s hand frantically, his own fingers shaking.

“Wade,” Peter implored. He closed his mouth back over Wade’s large thumb, his wet eyes searching out Wade’s face.

“*Peter,*” Wade rasped, his voice deep and barely audible. He turned away from Peter for a moment, his massive torso twisting to reach behind himself on the floor. Peter whined and held his forearm tightly, not willing to let him go. Then Wade was back, the knife flashing against the blue web of veins at his wrist so quickly, Peter barely saw it before the blade was clattering to the floor and Wade was cupping the back of Peter’s head. He pulled him to his wrist gently, holding him to the gushing wound.

All that beautiful blood.

The feral *something* that had been lurking in the recesses of Peter’s bones woke up with a shock. Practically growling, Peter latched onto Wade’s wrist. His tongue swiped eagerly while his lips made a seal. He sucked and liquid heaven filled his mouth. It was so warm, filled with Wade’s incomparable life force.

He swallowed his mouthful and thrashed at the feeling washing down his throat. Oh! Oh! There had never been *anything* like this. It felt like flying through the city, dangling from a mere hair strand of a web, the setting sun flashing off the windows of the skyscrapers all around. It was like drinking mulled wine when he was half-frozen in January. It was like waking up from a passionate dream, feeling his body peaking without conscious effort-

Peter surged forward, the chair clattering to the floor as he dashed Deadpool to the ground, clambering onto him, holding Wade’s hips still with his legs. He pressed close to all that warmth

spread out beneath him, his mouth filled with the ecstasy of Wade's blood.

The merc's big hand was grasping Peter by the waist as he panted beneath him. His head was lifted from the floor and he was watching Peter like a hawk, his eyes dark and fierce. "Yes," Wade said as Peter bit at the closing wound, trying to keep it open. He'd only had a few mouthfuls. It wasn't enough. He felt the skin seal over under his probing tongue.

"Wade, please," he begged. His legs closed tighter around Deadpool, holding him fast, unwilling to let him get away. He rocked forward, his tongue sweeping over the slim trail of blood that had run down Deadpool's forearm.

The knife was back, slicing flesh as quick as before, though Peter hadn't noticed when Wade had reached for it. He dove for the fresh blood just as he shifted over Wade's groin and-

"Ah!" Peter's eyes rolled back as Wade undulated under him like an earthquake was traveling through his body. They were both desperately hard and pressed together, rocking in ungraceful urgency as Peter drank and moaned deep in his throat. Wade was louder, practically thrashing under him.

The wound sealed up after only a few more mouthfuls. Peter let out a growl of hunger and frustration. He loomed over Wade, the small amount of blood he'd managed to swallow already making him strong, much stronger than Wade, stronger than he'd ever been. Still, there was no fear in Wade's eyes. Only longing.

"An artery," Wade gasped under him.

"What?" Peter snarled, leaning in closer, looking for a place to bite down.

"We need to cut an artery," Wade said, his hand searching for the knife he'd dropped. "It'll stay open longer and there'll be a lot more blood. We might be able to actually get you full."

With a lurch, Wade sat up and pulled off his hoodie. Peter's hands instantly went to the textured skin stretched over Wade's impossible musculature. While most of his thoughts were bent on blood, Wade's ruined beauty was not lost on him. If he were full and not so desperately thirsty, he would like to explore this body in detail and learn every facet of it.

It wasn't until Peter actually saw the flashing blade at Wade's throat that the reality of what Wade was about to do hit him. He felt like he'd been doused in ice water with how quickly he sobered. He grabbed Wade's wrist just as he was moving to cut his own jugular.

"No!" Peter screamed, his heart hammering. He wrestled the knife from Wade's hand and flung it across the room with a clatter.

"Petey, it's okay—"

"How can it be okay?!" Peter yelled, still tasting the perfect flavor of Wade's blood. He licked his lips, tasting more. He looked down at himself and gasped. Wade's blood was spattered everywhere. He was covered in droplets of darkening crimson.

"Baby boy, you're still hungry." Peter pulled back, realizing that they were still pressed together, hard and straining. "I can't die, sweetheart. You can have as much as you want."

Peter stood up slowly, his eyes trailing all over Wade's exposed body. The twisted scars that spoke of so much pain and suffering. "You were going to cut your own throat for me," Peter said disbelievingly.

"Petey—"

"I was going to *let* you."

"Angel, it's ok—"

"No!" Peter yelled. Wade reached for him and on instinct, Peter leapt and flipped, ending up clinging to the ceiling in the far corner.

"Baby, I'm sorry I scared you." Wade went to stand under him, reaching out his arms and imploring Peter to drop into them.

"I drank your blood."

“I know, sweetheart.”

“I *liked* it.” Peter was beyond horrified.

“Yeah, well-”

“Wade,” Peter said, shaken and disbelieving. “*I loved it.*”

“I-” Wade tried, his mouth finally falling shut when no words seemed to form. He jiggled his outstretched arms, and with a sigh Peter fell into them. Wade let Peter’s legs swing to the floor but he still held onto him. Hugging him. “I’m sorry I tricked you.”

“You...” Peter felt drowsy from Wade’s body heat. The same heat beat in time in his stomach and throat. He swallowed heavily. The thrill of blood echoed against his tongue. “You cut yourself on purpose.”

“You needed to eat.”

“H-how long have you known?”

“I only knew for certain ten minutes ago.”

“But you suspected. Before that.”

“Yeah, well,” Wade huffed into Peter’s hair. “You were bitten by a spider, weren’t you? Spiders drain fluids to survive. It wasn’t that much of a stretch, really.”

Peter pulled back and gaped up at him. “It- it can’t be that simple!” he exclaimed, arms pinwheeling in frustration. He looked down at his hands, at the pattern of drying blood on them. Oh God, he’d gotten blood on the ceiling. The pajamas Deadpool had gotten for him were ruined. He. He...

Peter spun around looking frantically for the phone he didn't have with him. For a change of clothes. For anything that wasn't spattered in blood like a handful of scarlet confetti.

Giving up on the hopeless search, he charged for the bathroom, slamming the door. He grabbed his suit, still wet but no longer bloody. He pulled it on, wincing at the way it clung to him, chilling him to the bone. He splashed his face with water to remove the blood. He rinsed his mouth so that he could start to try and focus around the intoxicating taste.

He flung open the door again, almost walking straight into Deadpool, who was hovering. He took in Peter's suit, a look like alarm crossing his scarred features.

"Spidey, you can't go out, love," he said, rushing to block the door. Peter spun around and headed for the windows. "Baby," Wade pleaded, as Peter unlatched the one that led onto the fire escape. "You haven't eaten enough. No, *listen*. You could pass out. It's not safe."

Peter turned to him. He could feel his face going hard and unmoving. Holding back the self loathing and anger. There would be plenty of time for that. But for now, for right now, there was something he had to do.

"I'm not going to let you sacrifice yourself for this, Wade," he growled, picturing the flash of steel at Wade's throat. "I don't know if this is just some, some *game* to you, or what." Wade straightened up like Peter had hit him. Emotions bubbled through Peter's core, molten and acidic. Too quick for him to feel properly. All this guilt and affection and so much *longing*. They could talk later. But right now he needed to- "I need to fix this."

"Where are you going?" Wade asked, his voice not carrying any warmth, like the light inside had been snuffed out. Peter's chest twisted painfully.

"Stark Tower," Peter said. Casting a web, he flung himself out into the night.

## Chapter 5

“Kid, slow down-”

“I left bloody footprints on the ceiling, Mr. Stark. The *ceiling!*”

“Okay, yeah, you’ve maybe said that a time or dozen. Can you- hey - just... Listen, hold still for two seconds, I gotta get a blood sample-”

“Is that Dum-E?”

“Yeah, yep. That’s him alright. So just stop moving for two seconds while I- *Peter!* Come on, kid! I need a blood sample.”

“What happened to him?” Peter asked, rebounding off the lab wall to land right in front of the unmoving bot.

“Green smoothie in the motivator,” Mr. Stark said, looking increasingly exasperated. “He’s eighteenth on my list of things to do. I’d put him first, but sixteen of the other items are world-ending level events that we all want to avoid, and the other one is you, so let’s focus on this for a second.”

“I bet I could fix him! I mean, I’ve gotten pretty good at getting gook out of weird places.” Tony looked scandalized, which, *hey! Not what he meant!* Also, like Mr. Stark had any right to be shocked by that (not that Peter was judging, Mr. Stark was a lovely man and Peter’s idol). “No, like, my webbing?” Peter clarified. “When I was first developing it especially. This stuff wreaks havoc with anything mechanical. I can take a look at him-”

“After we run some tests.”

“But-”

“Oh my sweet baby Jesus, *fine*. You poke at Dum-E and I’ll stick you full of needles. Just, please. Hold still.”

Peter tinkered with Dum-E for nearly an hour while Tony muttered and ran tests, returned with swabs for DNA, then muttered some more. Fiddling with the bot was calming and exactly what Peter needed to get his thoughts off of his hunger. Off of blood. Off of *Wade’s* blood. God, *Wade*. The look on his face when he was about to offer Peter his throat. How much Peter had *wanted*.

A part of the casing he was working under slid closed, pinching his finger and making him jump. He tried harder to think of circuit boards and servos, firmly ignoring the flavor lingering on his tongue.

At some point Bruce Banner ended up in the lab as well, and the two super geniuses conferred over in what Tony referred to as the “body horror” section of the workshop where he had medical equipment set up. After a lot of fancy whirring and beeping, cursing from Mr. Stark and a lot of sighing from Dr. Banner, they called him over to take a look.

Peter reluctantly left a newly perky Dum-E, who had gone straight back to trying to make smoothies as soon as he was cleaned out and his wire guts tightened up. The eccentric bot had been a welcome distraction from (Peter winced) the nasty, hurtful thing he’d said to Wade before he’d left. *Left!* Just jumped out the window and let Wade, admittedly his best friend at this point, just standing there with that *look* on his face.

He couldn’t stop picturing it: the immediate acceptance that *of course Peter would just leave*. Even after all that Wade had tried to do, how much he had tried to help. And Peter hadn’t even asked Wade to come with him. Instead, he’d accused him of not taking this whole thing seriously. Yet, it had been *Wade* who’d systematically worked out that Peter needed blood and then made sure that he got it. *Wade*. Peter would still be starving and completely in the dark if not for him...

He wandered over to the science bros, who were now squabbling in the body horror corner, Tony very worryingly jabbing his finger in Bruce’s purple-clad chest. Peter stopped and sighed.

“One second, Mr. Stark.” He went to reach for his cell phone. Which was still back in his apartment. “Uh, I need to reach someone but, I don’t have my phone. Or their number. Or really anything of any use whatsoever, apparently.”

“No problem, kid.” Tony answered, thankfully removing his pointer finger from Bruce’s sternum as he turned to Peter. “JARV?”

“Yes, sir?”

“Help the kid call his buddy, will ya?”

“Of course, sir.”

Tony nodded and turned back to the hologram of data floating over the backdrop of what looked, very disturbingly, like some insanely mutated strings of DNA. Just as concerning, Tony had Bruce in a headlock no more than five seconds later and was demanding that he say “uncle.”

Peter made tracks for a safe corner of the shop. “Hi, JARVIS.”

“Hello, Peter. Who is it you would like to call?”

“Um, Wade Wilson?”

“I am showing several gentlemen with that moniker in the city of New York. However, if you mean Wade Wilson, also known as Deadpool, then I can assure you that he will be easy to reach, seeing as he is currently pacing in the alley behind Stark tower.”

“He what? He is?” Peter’s eyes widened as a projection of Wade in full Deadpool getup came to life in front of him. Peter watched as hologram Wade agitatedly strutted back and forth. There was no sound, but it looked like he was talking to himself, his head snapping to the side now and then as if answering someone. “Can... can he come up here?”

“That would be a security matter needing Sir’s approval.”

“Mr. Stark?” Peter called out, the hologram of Wade vanishing as Peter stepped forward.

“Yeah, kid?” Tony answered from where he was pinned to the wall by one of Bruce’s completely normal human hands, while Dr. Banner typed undisturbed with the other hand on a holo-keyboard, looking as serene as ever in the reflected blue light.

“The friend that’s been helping me with the uh, *food problem* is outside the tower. Can he come up?”

“Sure thing, kiddo, though the lab is off limits. He can come up to the fancy lounge that was designed to impress the lucky few of the unwashed masses that are allowed up to the Avengers level.”

“Ooo, the gold and black lounge? The one with the fountain?” Peter asked excitedly. “I love that one, it’s so cool.”

Tony snorted, trying to pry Bruce’s fingers away from his Black Sabbath shirt and failing. “That’s the one. Glad to know it’s doing its job.” Still unable to get away from the wall despite his struggling, Tony added, “Go meet him there. JARV, give Petey’s playdate standard guest security clearance. Pete, I’ll meet you there when I can.” More thrashing. “It might be a few minutes.”

“Sure thing, Mr. Stark.” Peter hurried to the lounge a few stories up, suddenly embarrassed that he’d borrowed some of Tony’s clothes to get out of the wet Spider suit and, yet again, didn’t have shoes on. He stared at his pale toes against the polished elevator tiles and sighed.

He beat Wade to the awesome black marble lounge. Casually poking at one of the gold knick knacks on a random display shelf, he wondered who they had sent to get Deadpool from the alley and-

“Oh shit! JARVIS?”

“Yes, Peter?”

“Did everything go okay getting Wade? He didn’t overreact, did he?” Peter cringed, thinking what might happen if a big security guard startled Deadpool while he was in the middle of an intense self-conversation.

“All is well, Peter. I ensured that a suitable person is currently fetching Mr. Pool.”

A screen flickered to life against one of the humongous lounge windows, showing Deadpool’s red

and black pacing figure. A moment later, an adorably pudgy woman with an aggressively orange bob and two huge to-go coffee cups hustled out of a side door. There was no sound, but Peter knew she said something when Wade started and spun around, only to instantly relax when he saw who was waddling towards him. The lady beamed and gestured with both cups at once, nearly dropping them. Wade came to the rescue and was given a cup. Within a few moments they had turned back to the tower, both obviously laughing. The lady even gave Wade an affectionate shove on the bicep before the door swung closed and the screen showed just the empty alley.

“That lady needs a raise,” Peter informed JARVIS.

“I have seen to it that she will be given a substantial increase to her salary, plus an all expenses paid trip to a private beach resort.”

“For her and a friend, right?” Peter asked absently, glancing nervously over at the elevator doors. He really hoped Wade wasn’t pissed at him. Even though Peter deserved it.

“No. I took the liberty of ascertaining that a certain desk clerk will be working the week that she will be in attendance, and I am 97.3 percent certain that neither will remain single once they meet.”

Peter stopped chewing on his lip and gawked at the ceiling in amazement. “JARVIS, you would be the envy of any dating app.”

“Thank you, sir.”

The doors pinged and slid open to reveal Wade, now alone save for the huge coffee that he was sipping, his mask up over the bridge of his nose. He nearly dropped the cup as he rushed to Peter. He set it down on the floor and his big, gloved hands fluttered all over, as if he wanted to touch and make sure Peter was all there. He tugged the gloves off and dropped them next to his coffee, like he was going to do a pat-down.

Peter gave a small snort of laughter at the thought, though he suddenly felt faint with hunger. Breathing shallowly, he swallowed down the rush of saliva that flooded his mouth.

“Peter,” Wade said, and it sounded so *unsure*. He pulled his mask the rest of the way off, fumbling a little in his haste.

"Hey," Peter said, giving him a small smile. God, it felt like he hadn't seen him in weeks. He wanted to throw his arms around him and inhale his scent, deep and close. Wade would be so warm and delicious and-

"I didn't mean to set off any security alarms or anything," Wade said nervously. "I followed you because I was really worried about you getting injured. When you left you..." Wade shrugged his massive shoulders. "I was worried about you falling or something and just... Sorry if this is creepy."

"What? Oh! You didn't trigger any alarms. I was going to call you but I don't have my phone, and JARVIS was helping look your number up when he realized you were here already and, well, that worked out really well, actually."

Wade's expression went on a journey from 'crushed' to 'ecstatic'. "Wait, you *wanted* to talk to me?"

"Yeah," Peter said, reaching out to touch Wade's arm for the briefest of caresses. Playing with fire. "Yeah, I'm really glad you're here."

Wade's face softened and he let out a long breath. "Thank fucking Christ," he said, solemnly. He looked Peter all over again, assessing his condition. He may have squeed a bit at Peter's bare feet while also murmuring, '*Aw, poor little piddies, Papa Deadpool is here, babies.*' Peter clocked the exact moment Wade realized what he was wearing. "Are those... Stark's clothes?" he asked, a dawning look of horror coming over his face.

"What? Oh, yeah. The Spidey suit was still all clammy, and it was *really* cold swinging over here, so Mr. Stark lent me some- hey!" Peter let out an indignant squawk as Wade tried to pull the vintage Metallica shirt off over Peter's head. "I'm wearing that!" he sputtered, using his superior strength to push Deadpool away.

Wade made a whimpering noise that sounded honestly more erotic than pained, before wiggling out of his backpack and grabbing out a shirt. He held it out to Peter. "Wear this instead," he insisted. Peter unrolled it to discover that it was definitely one of Deadpool's as it was about four sizes too large and stretched out across the chest and sleeves. Now it was his turn to make a small whining sound.

"Thanks Wade," he managed, "but it's way too big for me and- Wade! Stop trying to take my shirt off, I-"

“Oh my God! What is *he* doing here?” Tony shouted from where he stood frozen just outside the elevator doors, his whole body aghast. Bruce hovered behind him, looking mildly concerned.  
“JARVIS, security breach!”

“No, no Mr. Stark! It’s okay, I can explain-”

“Heya Tin Geezer, you normally dress up your proteges in your cast-offs?”

“Oh boy,” Bruce said, handing his Starkpad off to Tony and stepping back into the elevator. The doors closed on a Bruce who was resolutely staring at the ceiling and likely counting backwards from ten.

“Get away from him!” Tony seethed, stalking menacingly towards Wade. He took one look at Wade’s big hand, which was still wadding up a fistful of the Metallica shirt as Wade tried to tug it off Peter’s body. The look that came into Tony’s eyes was terrifying, and Peter had just a moment to wonder if that look was for himself or for the shirt, before Tony was activating the nano tech and suiting up.

“Whoa, Mr. Stark! It’s okay! He-”

“I said,” and yikes, Tony’s voice when filtered through the suit and also extremely pissed off was pretty intimidating, “get *away* from him.”

Wade drew breath, no doubt to say something reckless and flippant to goddamn *Iron Man*, for fuck’s sake, but then Peter stepped down hard on his foot, and the murderous rage cleared out of Wade’s eyes.

Peter took a deep breath. “So,” he said calmly, draping Wade’s shirt over his shoulder to deal with later, and patting Wade’s hand until he let go of the front of the borrowed tee, “Wade has been the one helping me-”

“I didn’t know you meant Wade *Wilson*,” Tony exclaimed, though at least the Iron Man voice wasn’t on kill mode anymore.

“-and Mr. Stark has been analyzing my blood to figure out what’s going on,” Peter said calmly to Wade.

How did one tell two grown men to stop trying to out-macho one another and shake hands? He tried to think of anyone he’d seen in the middle of two idiots being primitive male buffalo. MJ? No. She was scarier than both these guys.

Just then, he remembered Aunt May a few weeks previously when she had to talk down the busboy and the manager that had both tried hitting on her at the same time at their favorite Thai restaurant. She had been sublime.

Innocent, sweet, sad bunny was go.

“I *really* need your help to figure this out, you guys. It’s *super* scary,” Peter said, rubbing his bare arms for effect and looking as small as possible.

“Aw, baby boy-”

“Peter, I promise we’ll get to the bottom of this-”

Oh god, it worked. It was that simple, but it *worked*. Peter’s whole life flashed before his eyes. It was a revelation.

“You ran tests?” Wade was asking, one huge arm around Peter’s shoulders, tugging him closer. The gesture was a little possessive, but mostly comforting. Except for the part where Peter wanted to drink the man’s blood like wine while riding him and whoa, wait, what? Oh god.

“Yeah, I was going to share the results with him now. Pete, you up for going over what Bruce and I found?”

Peter gave Tony large puppy eyes. The expression was *mostly* genuine and just a little bit to distract from his inappropriately bloodthirsty hard-on.

“Yeah, Mr. Stark. I just need to know so I can...” He let his sentence trail off and shrugged

helplessly. How did you encompass all of "*I need to be prepared for when my mutation into a murderous blood sucking monster is complete*" into a sentence and not scare the crap out of yourself and everyone else in the room?

"It's okay, kid. I get it," Tony said, steering them all to one of the impressive lounge sofas. Tony sat right across from him, leaning in to share the data on the pad, while Deadpool plopped down next to him and pulled a wadded-up hoodie out of the backpack and offered it to Peter. His heart melted a little bit when he realized that the only reason Wade had brought the backpack was to make sure that Peter had dry clothes to wear.

He patted Wade's knee in thanks and tried not to be overwhelmed by the wave of hunger that swept low in his gut as he pulled on Wade's hoodie. God it smelled so good. So, *so* good and, oh, Mr. Stark was talking about how his life was in the crapper now and he really needed to pay attention.

Peter had the advantage of being a fledgling bio-engineer, so he understood the vast majority of terms and concepts that Tony rattled off, but that didn't mean that he could actually *believe* the results of the tests. As the data flickered past on the hologram projections, he slumped more and more into the back of the sofa, his eyes eventually sliding shut when he couldn't stand to see any more evidence of what he had become.

Wade fidgeted and looked back and forth between Tony and Peter. "What's he saying that's made you so upset, baby boy?" he asked, giving Tony the stink eye.

"It's not reversible," Peter said, his tone flat from where he was trying to become one with the leather cushions.

"Oh," Deadpool replied softly. His hand, which had remained a warm weight on Peter's knee throughout Tony's monologue, squeezed gently. Peter reached out and absently traced the scars on the back of Wade's big hand while he thought over everything he'd just learned about his DNA contorting into a cell-gobbling nightmare.

Peter was brought back into the conversation by Wade's determined voice. "What does he need?" Deadpool was asking Tony, the two men staring at the Stark pad with serious eyes. No matter that the holograms were now off and Wade was looking at the display upside down, Wade seemed to have gotten a lot more out of the science mumbo jumbo than Peter had thought he would, as the merc tapped at a section of data and raised hairless eyebrows at Tony. Peter needed to stop underestimating Wade Wilson.

"Cells. Animal cells. Human would be best, honestly." Tony sighed, wiping a hand down his face

and ruffling his goatee with practiced fingers. “Let me grab a blood kit from the lab. I should be able to provide enough of my own blood to keep him going for now, and-”

Wade jumped to his feet so fast, Peter was caught off guard and tumbled into the warm indent Wade had just vacated. “I want to feed him,” Wade demanded, his face taking on that dangerous, vaguely unstable look it got sometimes. It was like all the humor had been wiped from his features, replaced with a cold mask.

Tony rolled his eyes, but Peter saw him tense, the flash of the nano particles beginning to swarm to his wrist in case he needed to form a gauntlet and defend himself. “Chill out, Elm Street. I have no problem with you feeding him instead, if that’s what the kid wants.”

They both looked at Peter. Tony sat rigid on the edge of the couch, and Deadpool stood over him, looking down with that dead expression on his face, and Peter wanted to scream in frustration. Or cry. Maybe cry. He felt like he was being made to choose sides, and he didn’t know why.

The tension in the room grew the longer no one said anything. The two men just continued to stare at Peter, until Peter had to drop his eyes, about ready to burst out of his skin, and-

The elevator pinged and the doors slid open on a gasp.

“Oh my god, it’s *gorgeous* up here!”

“Midge!” Wade exclaimed, his demeanor dropping back into friendly territory instantly as the stout woman with the tangerine bob strode into the lounge with her mouth hanging open in wonder.

“Hi Wade! Long time no see, honey.” She clicked up to him in kitten heels and thrust out a med kit. “JARV asked me to pop up here with this,” she explained. “Hi Mr. Stark,” she called, wagging her fingers at Tony, who nodded and looked exhausted. Midge gave Peter a once over and then leaned in to whisper conspiratorially in Wade’s ear. “Oh, sweetie, I see what you mean. You take good care of that little angel baby. He looks like he needs it.”

Wade’s face went impossibly soft as he looked over at Peter. “Yeah, I will. Thanks Midge. You’re seriously the best.”

Midge beamed and then pranced back to the elevator, a big smile on her face. “Mr. Stark! Get

some rest!" she called, just as the doors closed.

Tony sighed and mumbled something that sounded like, "*Sure, because I have nothing else to do with my time,*" before shaking it off and pulling on his game face.

He waved Peter and Wade over to the kitchen area of the lounge and took the kit from Deadpool, setting everything out on the black marble counter. He gestured for Wade to pull up the sleeve of his costume as he prepared the needle and tubing.

"It's going to take a lot at first. He's essentially starving," Tony warned.

"Well, I'm practically a perpetual soda fountain, so no worries, pops." Wade dropped his huge forearm onto the smooth black surface of the counter and Peter moaned.

Tony and Wade froze, both staring at Peter with very different expressions. Peter slapped a hand over his mouth and looked back and forth between them. Tony cleared his throat. "Well then, I guess that solves the problem of whether or not the kid's okay with the 'red and black gimp suit' vintage."

"Need me to go grab your oil can, or can you get to this today? Baby boy is hungry," Wade snarked back without losing a beat. He threw Peter a wink, who offered a small smile in return. Everything was going slightly hazy around the edges. The scene in front of him had taken on an otherworldly quality as his hunger started to boil up to the surface.

Tony seemed to be planning on filling a blood bag from Wade's arm, and something in Peter's new nature frowned at that. He wanted to bite down, pierce solid flesh between its teeth, drink from the pure well of blood. He crept closer to the counter, hiding his erection while also getting closer to Wade.

Wade flexed his arm, several veins bulging to the surface of his textured skin. Tony selected an especially fat specimen, stabbing it cleanly with the needle. Blood rushed into the tubing and Peter whimpered, squirming in place, trying to fight the instinct to reach out and pull Wade's arm to his hungry mouth.

"Shh, shh," Wade murmured, carding his thick fingers through Peter's hair with his free hand, while holding still for Tony.

“Wade,” Peter whined. “*Wade*.”

“I know, sweetheart. Just hang in there a few more minutes-”

“Uh, Wilson?” Tony asked, looking up, his face twisted in confusion. He was still holding the needle steady in Wade’s vein, but the blood flow had stopped. “What the?”

“Oh, fucking Neptune’s little shrimp balls!” Wade’s face was instantly stormy. “Healing factor.”

“Well, shit,” Tony summed up eloquently.

“Try another vein,” Wade instructed, petting Peter more rapidly. “Shh, honey, it’s okay.”

Peter realized that he was uttering a high-pitched keening sound that seemed to be coming from the depths of his soul and which he could absolutely *not* control. He wanted blood. He *needed* blood. *Wade’s* blood. He had to have it.

The blood flow stopped. Peter wailed with frustration.

“I’m beginning to think having him here while we did this wasn’t the best idea,” Tony said.

“I hate admitting this, but I think you’re right,” Deadpool responded, petting Peter more vigorously, then pulling him tight into his side when he continued squirming uncontrollably. “Look Stark, there is an easier way to do this.” Wade whipped a blade out of his thigh holster and slapped it on the table. “Just slice a vein open. The deeper and wider the cut, the longer it takes to heal, and lil’ bae here can finally get some actual food.”

Stark sighed. He sighed like he was absolutely done with everything in the universe, especially Wade Wilson. He eyed Peter, then met Wade’s steady gaze.

“God help me, but I have an idea,” Tony said.

## Chapter 6

They spent the next three hours in the lab.

Wade sat on the tiniest stool Tony was able to find, while he jabbed the merc with all types of specialized syringes. A floating hologram of the Hulk loomed over them, and a green medical kit marked “the strongest Avenger’s boo boo bag” in scrawled sharpie lay open on a rolling tray nearby.

Bruce made a reluctant reappearance during the first hour, gave them all a look, saw the med kit, made an “ah-ha” face and then went over to his own corner of the lab to scrounge around. He came back a few minutes later with an *alarmingly* large scalpel. Tony crowed while using it to cut happily into Deadpool’s arm, who glared daggers while Peter gasped and protested.

That was, until the wound failed to close.

“Well, I’ll be a-” Wade started, before losing the power of speech as Peter slammed into him.

“Mmmm,” Peter enthused, his mouth filling with blood as he sucked on Wade’s bicep. It took Peter a moment to realize that they were now on the ground. He’d knocked Deadpool off the tiny stool and onto the laboratory floor. Wade was pinned on his side, Peter straddling his thigh as he held Wade’s thick wrist in one hand, his other on the back of Wade’s neck, preventing him from struggling or getting out of his grip. Which, admittedly, Wade was *not* trying to do.

“Hgnuh!” Wade offered. Several deep breaths followed, strained and panting before, “Y-yeah. Yeah, go on. Drink up baby boy. *Fuck*. Get as much as you can, that’s a good little spider.”

Tony made a strangled noise, while Bruce hummed consideringly over Stark’s shoulder, before heading back to his mini-lab in the corner.

“Um,” Tony cleared his throat, “Peter, if you let him up, we can, uh, get some needles made out of this gnarly, badass metal compound invented by yours truly.” Bruce cleared his throat loudly from across the room. “Invented mostly by Bruce which, apparently, works on Hulks *and* machete-wielding California raisins.”

Peter barely registered what Mr. Stark was saying. There was a rushing in his ears, like he was

floating at the foot of a waterfall while the water roared past his head. His tongue was wet and tingling with a sensation that went beyond tasting, went beyond good, beyond mere satisfaction. It was euphoria itself. Wave upon wave of it. Even though it was only small sips. Even though he longed to widen the small cut, to really fill his mouth and bolt down the exquisite blood of the human grasped in his arms. *His* human.

Tony stepped forward and Peter honest to god *hissed* at him.

“Oh Jesus!” Tony exclaimed, taking a quick step back and holding up his hands. “Okay, it’s okay. Um. Bruce!”

“Tony?”

“My star protege appears to be, uh, a little immersed in his Deadpool din-din.”

“Is he hurting him?” Bruce hollered back from across the lab, opening and closing cabinets while pouring things into a bowl.

Tony dared to creep a little closer. Peter gripped Wade tighter and sucked harder, earning a desperate moan and Wade’s hips thrusting helplessly between Peter’s clamped thighs.

Stark jumped back like his pants were on fire. “No, nope! That’s a no. No hurting going on in this situation. Also I would like some brain bleach and ear plugs please!”

“Just let him eat, Tony. That cut won’t last much longer anyway,” Bruce called, still puttering with something squelchy. Even as Bruce was speaking, Peter could feel the edges of the cut begin to close against his probing tongue. He sucked desperately, but the wound sealed a moment later and he was left licking furiously at Deadpool’s salty skin. Which was still good. But it wasn’t *blood*.

Bruce was suddenly at his side distracting him, while Tony slipped the special scalpel off the tray and squirreled it away to one of his many workbenches, clutching it carefully and trying to hide it from view. Peter wanted that blade *back*. He wanted it *now*. But then Wade’s arms were around him and he was murmuring something in a soft voice as Peter struggled to pay attention.

“It’s okay, lil’ bug. You’ll get more soon,” Wade was saying, brushing one big paw over Peter’s hair and down his back. From his periphery, Peter could see Banner leaning in with something that

looked like a kiddie sand shovel: bright purple plastic gripped in the doctor's fingers by a short handle. Peter was too distracted by the hard length pressing against him as he sat in Wade's lap to give much thought to Bruce. He was much more invested in biting along Wade's neck, wishing he had a way to get at all that delicious blood he could smell just below the surface of his ridged skin.

Wade let him mouth at his throat, encouraged him even, before Bruce abruptly stepped in and inserted the thing he was holding into Peter's mouth. Vaguely, Peter registered it as a bite tray filled with dental putty: the same stuff that his dentist had used when fitting him for a nighttime bite guard as a teenager. Deadpool helped hold him steady, and a moment later Bruce was rushing back to his corner of the lab, hiding the tray in his pocket and shooting furtive looks at Tony's workbench.

The two geniuses worked in silence after that. Or well, to a blaring soundtrack of mostly seventies and eighties metal, but still. Relatively silent for Tony.

Peter sat on the floor next to Wade, not sure who was leaning on who more. Every once in a while one of them heaved a sigh, but mostly they gave each other forlorn looks and passed Wade's phone back and forth, taking turns in Candy Crush until they got stuck. Then they watched cat videos.

The rock music died out on a guitar solo and then Tony was sauntering up to them, chest puffed out and a gizmo in his hand. "This," he said with a flourish, "is an automated plasma extractor, or APE. I based it on a design I have for regulating the hydraulics in the Iron Man suit, but I've made it bigger, added specialized needles and voilà! Your own human meat juicer! Here, let me show you how to use it..."

Mr. Stark explained, in great detail, how to use the machine to extract blood from a volunteer. Then he explained, less enthusiastically, how to specifically harvest blood from Wade, which required the special Hulk-strength needles to delay the merc's healing factor. Tony demonstrated how to clean the thing, what to do if it clogged, and instructed him on how to store it for optimum operating efficiency. He gave Peter a large stack of blood bags that hooked into the piping of the machine, and even handed him a few specialized bendy straws for use with the blood bags.

Beaming at Peter, Tony walked him and Wade to the elevator as he called Happy on his cell to bring a car around. Peter craned his neck to look for Bruce, though the other scientist was nowhere to be seen.

Tony patted Peter fondly on the back while pretending Deadpool didn't exist. "Let me know if anything goes wrong with this thing. I can fix it for you anytime, okay kid?"

“Sure thing, Mr. Stark,” Peter said, his voice breaking a little in exhaustion. The sun was starting to come up and Peter had already burned through the few sips of blood he’d gotten. “Thank you for this,” he added with a weak smile, gesturing with the little machine he held in one hand.

Tony’s smile was truly something to behold. It was a combination of proud mentor mixed with smug ultra-genius and a hint of sleep-deprived maniac. “Of course kid. Let me know next time you need me to whip up a life-saving invention in the small hours of the morning, won’t ya?”

“Sure, Mr. Stark,” Peter returned with a faded smile.

Wade hauled him into the elevator as soon as the door slid open, keeping his back to Tony’s self-congratulatory smirk. Once they were alone and the elevator started moving towards the ground floor, Wade caged Peter against the wall and curled over him, as if trying to shield him. Against what, Peter wasn’t sure. Maybe the overwhelming weight of knowing that there was no reversing Peter’s condition. Or something.

Peter’s arms snaked around Wade’s huge shoulders and he shoved his forehead into the crook of his neck, breathing against the broad red-and-black chest. Peter didn’t have time to say anything meaningful. He didn’t tell Wade how much his friendship meant to him or how much he valued his willingness to figure out what Peter needed. That Wade’s not flinching away from him meant the world. He took a deep breath, meaning to say some of it, but then the door was sliding open with an infuriatingly cheerful ping, and Happy was waiting with the car.

And so was Bruce.

Peter took a few steps towards Doctor Banner, realizing as he stepped onto the curb that he *still* wasn’t wearing any shoes, just Tony’s borrowed clothes and Wade’s XXXL sweatshirt, his damp Spidey suit wadded up in Wade’s tiny backpack.

Bruce appeared to be attempting to smile and failing utterly. He shoved a small box at Peter.

“Don’t tell Tony,” Bruce said, wincing slightly around the eyes. “Just tell him... tell him that the machine works fine.”

“Wha-?”

"And don't tell me, either. Just-" Bruce shook his head, looked pained, and then he was gone, having hopped in the elevator right as the doors were closing and making his escape.

Peter and Wade stared at the bank of elevators for a moment before turning back to each other.

"What the heck-"

"Is he okay? He looked-

"-was that?!"

"-really weirded out."

They looked down at the small box. It looked sort of like a jewelry box, with hinges on one side. Peter pried it open and they both caught their breath.

"Is that...?"

"Yes. Yes it is."

They boggled at the dainty piece of metal gleaming against the satin interior of the box, before turning and dashing for the car.

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When they reached Wade's apartment, Peter was able to get Tony's fancy machine shoved to the side of the door without breaking it, before ignoring it entirely and opening up the tiny box from Bruce. He pulled out the gleaming arch of metal and it caught the light the same way the scalpel at the lab had- dull and ponderous and not looking like any element from earth should look.

"Does it fit?" Wade asked, while simultaneously stripping off his costume to the waist. Peter got stuck in mid-turn, watching the merc undress, dual sensations of hunger and desire wrecking havoc with his spine and making him shiver.

Wade drew close, his costume hanging around his thighs, half-shed and caught on his hips. He gently grasped the metal bridge and pulled it from Peter's nerveless fingers. Steadyng Peter's head with one big hand, he carefully slipped it into Peter's slack mouth, aligning the shapes and clicking it snugly into place over his top teeth.

Peter's tongue instantly sought out the new shape, tentatively licking over the sharp points of the delicately tipped fangs. They weren't sharp enough to cut his own tongue on, but once he exerted pressure against flesh...

"Oh, baby boy," Wade whispered, his rough thumb stroking Peter's cheek as he continued to hold him, tilting his head up so the metal fangs caught the light. "That Hulk guy is a hundred times smarter than bucket head. Look at you."

Peter could barely breathe. Wade was so warm. So perfectly warm. His body heat swamping him where he was all but squirming against the wall, hunger rising like a red tide. "Wade," Peter managed, his voice gone ragged and desperate. He could smell him. Could smell only him. "Wade—" and then they were kissing. Wade's mouth warm on his, opening, inviting and oh, yes! His tongue, feeling out the perfect fit of the tiny metal fangs, thin and beautiful as jewelry, sharp and hard as diamonds.

Wade moaned into Peter's mouth, pushing against him, flattening him to the wall before pulling back just enough to slowly gather Peter up into his arms. Peter expected to be jerked off his feet in one move, but Wade just enveloped him slowly, Peter's toes leaving the floor gradually as Wade gathered him up, holding him against the wall. Peter brought his legs up, gripping tightly to Deadpool's massive sides, arms wrapped over his shoulders, pulling Wade even deeper into the kiss until—

With a groan, Wade made a small twisting motion against Peter's mouth and pressed his lower lip to the point of one of the fangs. Their kiss turned coppery and wet as Peter's voice rose in pitch, his neck straining forward to chase Wade's blood.

Peter shivered, his limbs tightening around Wade's thick form. It was only a tease, a horrible, awful tease. Nothing but a tiny taste that was now wrapped up in the infinite stretch of tenderness he felt for Wade, all of it so open and sensitive.

He jerked his head back, overwhelmed, staring at Wade through bleary eyes. He wanted to kiss. He wanted to bite. He was so thirsty. So hungry. So exhausted. His head was spinning, teetering on the edge of hunger and sentimentality, too tired to take a plunge on either side, all while the feral something that always awoke at the scent of Wade's blood paced back and forth in his mind and in

his gut, ravenous and impatient.

“Wade.”

Deadpool must have heard it for the plea it was. He gathered Peter’s shaking limbs into himself, taking his weight easily and walking with him to the disheveled mattress on the floor. Wade sat on the edge, his thighs bunching up as he braced his feet on the floor and helped Peter settle in his lap. Peter’s legs strained around the girth of Wade’s torso, his knees digging into the soft mess of the bedspread.

Panting, Peter leaned into Wade’s warmth. It seeped into him like hot water, soothing the deep ache that had been in his bones for months now. The growing ice in his marrow that nothing could eradicate but Wade. He breathed harshly against the scarred flesh of his clavicle, head bowed slightly to rest his forehead against Wade’s shoulder.

“Go ahead, baby boy,” Wade was whispering to him, the feeling of his nose trailing through his hair ticklish and heavenly. “As much as you want. You can’t hurt me. You don’t need to think too hard about it, okay? Just take what you need. Take what you want. I want you to. Remember that, okay? I want this too, Petey...”

Big hands wandered up his back over the sweatshirt as Wade kept murmuring to him, the heat a ghost of the skin on skin contact Peter craved. He squirmed closer, feeling warm and secure, but also hungry and desperate. His lips brushed a ridge of scar tissue along Wade’s throat, plump and butter-soft against the heat of his open mouth. Wade moaned and pulled him even closer, his head falling to the side, opening up space for Peter, and just like that, the thing in the back of his mind stepped forward and took the reins firmly out of Peter’s hands.

He dashed his tongue over the metal fangs first, before running his tongue over the tender spot along Wade’s throat where his jugular beat, swift and strong. He did it efficiently, assessing the heat and skin with the points of his fangs as they slid easily over the wet surface of Wade’s skin, seeking the perfect spot, the perfect angle and, *there*, right there. He felt a thrill leap like an electrical shock through his gums and he just *knew*.

He bit down. The soft skin split easily around the metal teeth, their enhanced properties holding off the healing factor, and then Peter was drinking. Oh god, he was actually drinking, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of liquid sunlight, his eyes rolling back in his head and an inhuman growl deep in his chest.

Wade was trapped, wrapped up against him, leaning more and more heavily into Peter’s chest as he

moaned brokenly, and he was *Peter's*. He held on tighter, afraid that somehow Wade was going to be taken away from him, suddenly frantic to make sure that didn't happen.

He bit down harder and blood filled his mouth easily, like it was seeking him out. Belonged to him. It filled him with heat and life and so much *desire* Peter was quaking with it.

Peter could feel the dark, cold corners of his body filling up, waking up after long deprivation, his senses coming alive where they had dulled over time without him even noticing. He felt truly awake for the first time in years, his mind buzzing as his body hummed to life.

He could take in Wade's reaction more consciously now, could finally hear the frantic things he was saying, was promising. The things he was begging for.

"Please, please," Wade was gasping, his big hands fumbling to lift the hem of the sweatshirt swamping Peter's body, seeking skin. "Let me touch you, baby boy, oh god, I gotta touch you. Please, Petey—"

He found Peter's bare back and groaned brokenly as he swept his hands up over his spine and down his flanks. His hands slipped around, seeking out Peter's belly, though there was no room for them between their compressed bodies. Wade settled for curling his fingers around Peter's waist and petting what he could reach of his stomach with his thumbs.

"Are you getting what you need?" Wade asked breathlessly, his thumbs stroking as though he could gauge how full Peter was through his skin. "Am I enough for you, Peter?"

Peter pulled back to swallow and lick at the closing puncture wounds. "Yes," he hissed, hot and slick against Wade's feverish skin. "You're everything," Peter said, seriously, easily. It was true. Wade should know. He deserved to know. Peter sunk back into him, the fangs lining up over the previous marks, still not completely healed, still tender and red. Wade jumped when Peter ripped down through the delicate skin. He keened and gave in with a shudder, craning his neck under Peter's dripping mouth.

Peter drank far past the point he would have had to stop if Wade had been a baseline human in his clutches. But Wade was endless, he just kept giving. Blood, fresh and hot, ran down Peter's throat, no indication that Wade was running dry. Peter was actually starting to feel the sweet ache of fullness in his belly, a feeling so foreign that his body reacted to it by throbbing with pleasure.

"Mmm," he hummed against Wade's skin, softer now, less frantic. His sucking pulls at Wade's throat became less urgent, turning instead to lazy, indulgent swallows, the fangs digging in just enough to keep the taste fresh in his mouth. He rocked against Wade's lower stomach as Wade encouraged him, hands guiding his hips.

Energy was crackling through his nervous system, making his fingertips and toes, even his hair follicles and the roots of his teeth, feel overcharged, tingling with an overflow of life. He leaned back, licking his lips clean, seeking out Wade's expression.

Wade leaned back slightly when Peter did, letting his arms slip away from Peter's hips to support himself, hands braced on the bed next to Peter's knees, gripping the comforter like his life depended on it. His eyes were blown wide and dark as he stared at Peter in dazed fascination, as though Peter had promised to tell him all the secrets of the universe. An uncertain smile hovered around the corners of Wade's mouth, fragile and new.

"Wade?" Peter breathed. His eyes dropped to Wade's chest, muscles flexed from the position he was holding himself in, scars a network of pink and white and tan. "Wade, I..." Peter's hand drifted between his own legs, his hunger for Wade crashing over him again, taking on a different edge. A different type of need.

Wade's gaze followed Peter's hand, his breath pulling in sharply when Peter squeezed himself at the base, holding back rather than chasing the rising desire he was feeling, high on blood. He could feel the life coursing through his system, taking Wade's vital energy and making it his own. Wade's blood thundered through his veins, poured between his legs until he was aching with it.

The whole while, Wade was staring up at him as though caught, pinned in place and helpless. Peter knew it was only an impression. Wade may not be able to beat him in a straightforward test of strength, but he was definitely capable of fighting Peter off of him, if he so desired. Instead, Wade had shifted subtly into a completely open position, his throat angled for the taking, his large body so strangely vulnerable gripped between Peter's thighs.

Peter grabbed the edges of the sweatshirt, pulling it up a fraction and then checking in with Wade, making sure. Wade nodded jerkily, one hand untangling from the covers as though to touch, before he yanked it back and fisted it in the bedclothes again.

Peter pulled both shirts - Wade's and Tony's - up his body and over his head, tossing them away. He was finally warm, Wade's blood thundering under his skin, pink and glowing with vital fire. The cool air felt good wrapping around his damp chest and back, the surface of his body covered with a light sheen of sweat.

He reached for Wade's wrist, the large man surrendering to him with a wounded noise, blinking up at Peter with an expression full of so much awe, it left his chest heaving with a strange ache. He brought Wade's hand up to his stomach, to where he had been trying to touch moments before. The thick fingers splayed over Peter's skin, moving with his breath, holding the barely-there protrusion of his full belly. Wade's thumb ruffled the trail of hair under his navel and Peter shivered.

His hips bucked forward, his body curling into Wade's, straining forward until they were kissing again. Wade moaned and pulled back just enough to give a small, delighted-sounding laugh. "You taste like copper."

"Oh, sorry," Peter managed, his voice sounding rough.

"No, don't be," Wade chuckled, the sound turning into a sigh, the look in his eyes somewhere between wild and bemused. "I like it. I like tasting the evidence. Makes me feel like maybe this isn't just a hallucination of my wildest dreams come true." His hand trailed up Peter's stomach, feeling each inch of skin as his scars dragged along his ribs. "Fuck, I have so much journaling to do."

Peter's breathy laugh turned into a groan as Wade's textured skin ran over his left nipple. He strained into the touch. Nothing had ever felt as good as being touched after drinking blood. Nothing.

Wade swallowed hard. He was trembling where he was connected to Peter. "Is... is this okay, Petey?" he asked, eyes almost frightened as they gazed up at him.

Peter nodded frantically and swooped in to kiss him, forgetting the fangs until he tasted fresh blood from the shallow graze to Wade's lip. He was about to pull back and apologize, but Wade grabbed the back of his neck and reeled him in even closer, blood in both their mouths, Wade's tongue scraping intentionally along a metal incisor. Peter chased it, sucking on Wade's tongue and then pulling back only to bite his lip again.

He would worry about hurting Wade, but the man seemed to revel in the sensation of being bitten, gasping and moaning every time the tiny metal fangs breached his skin. He was holding the side of Peter's face while they kissed, his thumb seeking entrance between Peter's lips so that he could feel the edges of the fangs as they tightened and pierced his lip.

"Oh sweetheart," Wade gasped when Peter pulled back to lick both their mouths clean. "Do you have any idea how much I've thought about this?" Peter glanced up from where he was working frantically to get the Deadpool suit the rest of the way down Wade's hips.

"You've thought about this?" he asked, eyes wide.

"Only during my free time, while working, and then again while I'm asleep," Wade answered, wiggling to kick the suit down his legs and off. "Can I?" he asked, his fingers coming to stillness at Peter's waist. Peter nodded dazedly, still not able to take in much of anything but Wade, naked beneath him. God, he was huge. Huge and gorgeous and naked and oddly vulnerable and Peter just *needed*.

Wade was stripping him, too slowly in Peter's opinion, though to be fair he wasn't doing much to help and the position was awkward. He kept making these little wounded noises as he undressed Peter, as though it somehow hurt him to touch.

"Oh, baby boy, just *look* at you," Wade was saying, breathless, his hot hands smoothing down over Peter's legs. "Even your toes are sexy. How is that physically possible? But they are. And your kneecaps. And, oh fuck, that's your pretty cock, baby, I'm seeing your perfect cock for the first time. I may need a moment to compose myself. Am I talking out loud? I kinda feel like I maybe died a little bit just now. Am I in heaven? Are you a naked angel with a perfect dick and metal fangs, baby? Oh god Peter, I'm losing my mind I know, but I gotta touch you, sweetie, please please let me touch you, I gotta, I gotta touch you-

Peter grabbed Wade's hand and moved it to roughly encircle his straining erection before leaning in to kiss him, putting an end to his pained babbling. "You can touch me," Peter said against his mouth, already thrusting desperately into Wade's fist.

The sensation was blinding. It was nothing like touching himself. Which admittedly, he'd been doing less and less while he'd been slowly starving, his transformation taking every scrap of energy and desire from him, leaving him tired and sexless.

Now he was flooded with energy beyond anything he'd known. He found himself holding back his strength, worried that he would accidentally injure Wade in his enthusiasm. He was iron-rod hard, feeling both like he could last forever and also like he was on a hair-trigger, as though one word from Wade would have him tipping over.

He pulled Wade to his body, readjusting slightly until they were sitting up like before when Peter was feeding (oh god, he was a creature that *fed* on humans... he was a *monster*... fuck... he was so in love with the feeling of Wade squirming under him, warm with blood). Wade's big hand gripped both of their erections together in a hold both too dry and perfect at the same time.

Peter moaned drunkenly and then he was sinking his teeth in again, recreating the perfect marks in the same spot on Wade's throat - *his, all his, his marks, his human* - the punctures shallow so that Peter had to suck hard for his mouthful, Wade crying out and coming violently. Wet heat enveloped Peter's weeping erection and he bit Wade's mouth instead, licking, licking, licking until *yes!* Peter came, shuddering and biting down, shaking with so much pent-up energy that his vision went red and he longed to scream and scream and never stop.

He panted his way back to awareness, past the red haze, his cock still giving little straining hitches in the aftermath. He was lying on his back next to Wade who was- crying?

"Wade?" Peter asked, instantly alert, springing up so he could lean over the huge, trembling form next to him. Wade lay wrecked and shivering, gazing up at Peter with eyes that shook with tears. He made a choked sound as Peter hovered over him, somewhere between a laugh and a sob, tears spilling over as he stared up at him. "Wade, oh my god, are you okay? Did I hurt you? Oh, please, please tell me I didn't hurt you!"

"That," Wade gasped, pausing to heave in a hitching breath, "was the *most* exquisite thing to have ever fucking happened to me in my *entire* fucking life." He looked right at Peter, tears still welling up and slipping down his scarred cheeks and into the bedspread. "I love you so fucking much, Peter," he said, before his eyes rolled back and he passed out.

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Peter watched the alley from six stories up, perched on the wide cement railing of an apartment complex, trying to make out the guy below who just may or may not be trying to sell drugs. He was acting shifty and kept looking around and- oh, nope. He was peeing. Okay, well, not exactly legal, but Peter was willing to let that one go.

Next to him Deadpool slowly began to pitch forward over the ledge. Peter's hand flew out, his arm bracing the merc's chest before he could fall to the street below. Wade woke with a snort, the white within black eyes of the suit squinting and blinking in surprise.

"Wade, I really think you should have stayed at the apartment. You haven't slept since at *least* the night before last."

"But my lil' spider is out here fighting crime and saving the city, and you haven't gotten any more sleep than me."

“I took a catnap last night while you were shopping for jammies.”

“That was like, less than an hour of sleep!”

“Well, I also drank blood, *your* blood, which is apparently the equivalent of crack cocaine for monsters!”

A window banged open below them. “Will you two keep it down?!”

“Sorry!” Peter called.

“Let us discuss blood drinking in peace!” Wade shouted back.

“I’m calling the police!”

“Fine!”

“I’m doing it! I’m calling them!”

“I said fine!” Wade hollered.

“We’re going. Sorry to disturb you, uh, sir?”

The window slammed closed.

“Welp. Let’s get you home before you get arrested. Okay, big guy?”

“Oh my god, you called me big guy!” Wade enthused, crawling his way limply onto Peter’s back.  
“You know you can have anything you want when you call me that, right?”

"Good. Well, right now I want you to hold on tighter so you don't fall off and I'll swing us back to my place."

"Petey Petey Petey..." Deadpool chanted drowsily in his ear. Close enough. Peter hitched up the larger man's weight, trying to balance him on his hips so he wouldn't slip right back off. He still couldn't believe Deadpool had talked his way into tagging along. It wasn't actually Wade's fault that Peter was bouncing off the walls after drinking his blood and having the best orgasm of his life. Well, okay, it was *indirectly* Wade's fault considering that Wade's blood had some sort of super power that made Peter feel lit up like a Christmas tree, but still. Not *directly* his fault.

They managed to make it back to Peter's tiny apartment. It was the closer of the two, and Peter still didn't have his phone or a change of clothes, or anything else useful to being either Peter Parker or Spider-man.

They landed on the fire escape with a thump, Wade snoring softly in Peter's ear. He maneuvered them both through the window and Wade immediately curled up on the tiny shag rug in front of the sofa.

"You should have stayed in bed," Peter said, not for the first time, tugging his mask off before helping Deadpool fumble his way out of his own, which he had somehow gotten stuck on his ear.

"But you were trying to leave me! Wham, bam, thank you Dead-ham. I couldn't let you just leave! Again!"

Peter's gut churned with guilt and regret. "I'm sorry I did that, Wade. I'm sorry I didn't take you with me to Stark tower."

"Oh, no, Petey-pie, I didn't mean to be an even bigger asshole than I already am, I just - *shut up!* *I'm talking to my true love, do you guys mind?!* - worry about you so much. You're all fragile and breakable-"

"Wade, I have super strength."

"-and if anything happened to you now that you've actually let me kiss you I will die. Somehow. I will absolutely somehow figure out how to die, because I can't, I can't go back to the way things were before you, before this, I can't, Petey, please don't make me, I-"

Peter kissed him, groaning. "You need to sleep, Wade," he said, pulling back reluctantly.

"No! I need you!"

"Sleep."

"No, you first, then sleep," Wade pleaded, his hands wandering all over Peter's body somewhat frantically. He cupped Peter's bum through his costume and wailed. "This is a wet dream come true, oh my god. Petey, I'm touching your butt! Your Spidey butt!"

Peter huffed and leaned over him, kissing him again. The fangs were cleaned and polished, resting in their jewelry box in one of Deadpool's pouches, but he didn't feel the need to reach for them. His hunger was sated down to a dull whisper at the edges of his mind, roiling there, ready to flame up in a sudden burst of heat. But not yet. For now, all he felt was desire and an affection so deep it had become something else. Something Peter had never felt before.

"Wade," Peter whispered, his breath picking up. Big hands clamped tight to his rear, urging him to move and rub and gasp over Wade's reclining body of muscle and scars.

All his.

"*Mine,*" Peter snarled, blunt teeth gently tugging Wade's earlobe.

"Uhng! Y-yes, all yours, baby boy. All yours. Please, sweetheart! Please!" Wade begged, squirming, his limbs opening up, offering himself to Peter.

He rocked down against Wade, feeling how hard and eager he was. Peter suddenly knew what he wanted. It called to him like a siren song, something he'd wanted for a while, if he was honest with himself.

Nipping and licking at any and all available skin, Peter worked his way down, helping Wade move his heavy limbs out of his suit, until it was pooled in a leather puddle under the coffee table. He swept his hands up Wade's inner thighs, humming in delight at all the exposed skin and flexing muscle beneath him. He gripped Wade's thighs just above the knee, spreading him, one tree trunk thigh hitting the side of the couch, the other braced against the table. Glancing up, Peter took in Wade's desperate, pleading look, before he let one of his hands drift along ravaged skin and wrap

around Wade's thick length, leaning down and swallowing as much as he could.

Oh god. *Oh god.* Peter moaned and choked, taking too much too soon, wanting all of it. Wade tasted fucking glorious. Peter had no idea, none, that it would be like this. He had sense enough to wonder what it would have been like without the spider venom mutating his DNA. If he would have found the taste of Wade's precome merely salty and bitter. Surely it wouldn't have tasted like this. Like the world could be ending all around them and Peter would choose to stay here, right here, sucking and moaning for Wade, wanting him to come so he could taste more. He needed more. His eyes drifted shut and he felt unmoored, floating.

"Peter!" Wade keened, his big thighs flexing as his cock jumped in Peter's mouth. "Baby! I'm going to come. Ah! I'm going to come! I'm, I'm- baby boy! Unhg!"

Wade curled up over him, his hands carding desperately through Peter's hair as Peter swallowed his release in greedy gulps, moaning nearly as loud as Deadpool. It tasted like... like... Peter didn't even know. Heat. Like drinking fire that didn't burn. Soft. Soft fire. It was like soft fire. Hazy and larger than Peter and soft and warm and...

Peter pulled off Wade's softening cock, giving it a few parting licks of gratitude, before nuzzling into the join of Wade's thigh, his face turned just enough to allow him to breathe while being surrounded by Wade's scent and warmth. He squirmed languidly until he was comfortable and then just drifted. He wanted to pet Deadpool's skin, to tell him how amazing he was, how good and how perfect, but he couldn't get his mouth to move.

"Baby boy, you are a miracle," Wade said after a moment, his voice destroyed with moaning, his heavy hand still gliding over Peter's head, petting him slow and soft.

Peter found he still couldn't use his voice, the soft fire still burning in his belly, radiating through every fiber of muscle tissue in his body. "Hmmm..." was his eloquent reply.

"Petey, you okay down there?"

"Mmmm."

Wade carefully hauled his limp body up, next to his own, knocking into the coffee table and moving it back by several inches, enough for them to snuggle up together, Peter's head on Wade's shoulder, his nose pressed against the soft scars of Wade's chest. He was able to get his mouth to

work enough to give the patch of skin there a small kiss, before falling back into a half-aware state, drifting out to sea.

"Wow," Wade whispered, taking in Peter's face, running his fingers over Peter's eyebrow and then his eyelashes. His nose, his lips. "Wow," he said again, holding him securely as Peter continued to float, eyes glazed over. It was so nice here. So nice here with Wade. And Wade was *his*. He'd told him that, earlier. He'd meant it. He was keeping this human. This man. He belonged to Peter. Peter belonged to him. He heaved a sigh. Content. He'd tell Wade in a moment. In just a moment. For now he was just going to lie here, full and sated and safe.

Happy. He was happy.

He would tell Wade he'd done this, had made him happy. And Peter was going to return the favor. Make Wade as happy as he could. All the time. He deserved it. His human. His.

Peter's eyes drifted shut under Wade's kisses. He smiled, small and real and then he was asleep.

**Peter just can't get full lately. He eats and eats, but he's constantly exhausted and hungry.**

**Wade realizes what's going on before Peter does. And becomes obsessed with getting Peter what he needs—living cells in the form of blood and...other things.**